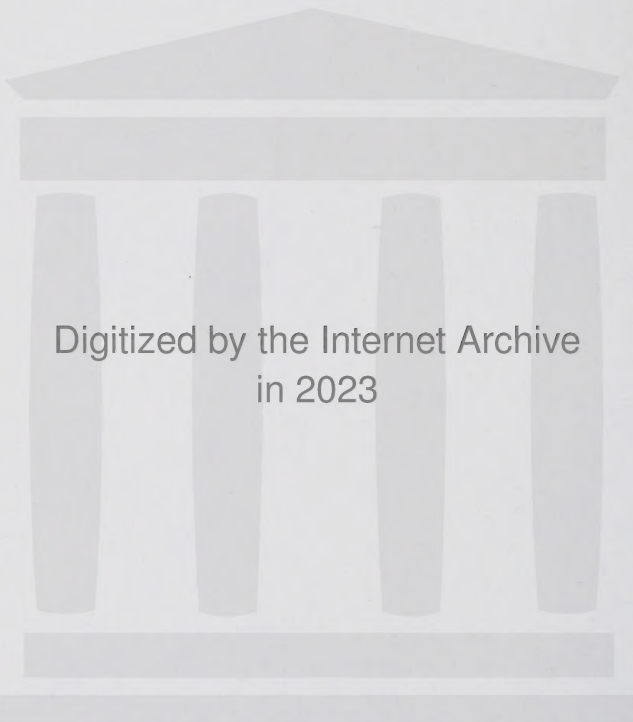


The Hoosier Shepherd



CHARLES J. ROBERTS, B. D., D. D.



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CHARLES J. ROBERTS, B. D., D. D.



Rev. and Mrs. Chas. J. Roberts

TO MY WIFE

LEONA A. (WYANDT) ROBERTS
WITH WHOM I LIVED HAPPILY FOR MORE
THAN FIFTY-EIGHT YEARS.

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PREFACE

It has been said that in youth we live in the future, but as we near the sunset we begin to live in the past. By this philosophy the present writing is accounted for.

The past, however crude it may now appear, is the crucible out of which the present has evolved. We would be ungrateful, indeed, to dismiss from our consideration and memory the purchase price of the rich legacy that is ours. If, from this recounting of some incidents of the past touching the life of the author, someone may be newly inspired to bear the torch with devotion and honor, the author will feel amply repaid.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to my daughter, Mrs. Florence Yund, who corrected, edited and proof-read, the manuscript; also to the Reverend H. E. Swihart, a contemporary minister, now retired, for his co-operation and work as publisher.

Chas. J. Roberts,
109 West Columbia St. West Lafayette, Indiana.

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INTRODUCTION.

The Reverend C. J. Roberts is the last of a well-known trio of Roberts ministers who served with distinction, mainly in Indiana, during the past seventy years. The writer of this brief statement received quarterly conference license to preach from the Reverend J. T. Roberts, Conference Superintendent. The following year, upon recommendation of an examining committee of three, of which the Reverend C. J. Roberts was chairman, he was given status as an annual conference minister.

Out of an acquaintance of forty years he has become accustomed to expect quality work from the author of "The Hoosier Shepherd." As bishop for ten years of the conference in which he closed his active ministry, I know the high regard in which universally he was held.

The experiences recorded here, with the faith and philosophy of life which they reveal, will be a source of information and of encouragement to the many young ministers who are fortunate to own the volume. Lay readers also will find entertainment and instruction.

Rev. Fred L. Dennis, Bishop
Evangelical United Brethren Church.

THE HOOSIER SHEPHERD

CHAPTER I.

Heredity and Environment.

Whether heredity or environment influences life the more has long been a debatable question. This question has never been decided but it is agreed by everyone that each holds an important place. If the hereditary background is favorable and the surroundings wholesome, the person has an excellent chance to make good in life.

We are living in a time when much emphasis is being placed upon the development of the right kind of seed for our crops and the importance of blooded stock for animals. If this is important, and I believe that it is, then good breeding is exceedingly important to the development of the human race. Someone has said, "The time to begin to train people is with the grandparents while they are in the cradle."

I do not know a great deal about my family tree. Several years ago I tried to investigate whether or not we are related to Lord Roberts of England. As a result of the investigation, I became convinced that we are not related to Lord Roberts, but that we are related to Brigham Roberts of Mormon fame. Then I ceased the investigation! If one should look at his family tree too carefully, he would, perhaps, find some of his ancestors hanging in it.

The story goes that two Roberts brothers came to America from Wales and that one settled in Tennessee and the other, some place in northern Indiana or southern Michigan. My father, John Clinton Roberts, was a descendant of the brother who settled in Tennessee, and he was born in that state. There are many people today in Indiana, Ohio and Michigan who have the name of Roberts and, no doubt, many of them are descendants of the other brother.

While I was pastor of the First United Brethren Church in Columbia City, Indiana, I was invited to attend a "Roberts Reunion" in that city and to give an address in the afternoon. In giving the address, I referred to the story of the two brothers who are reported to have come to this country from Wales and I suggested that those present were probably descendants of one of the brothers and, if so, they and I were distantly related. I remarked that, if any of the young people were contemplating matrimony and would come to the parsonage, I would marry them for half-price. In two or three weeks a young couple came to be married and said that they had been present at the reunion. They reminded me of my promise. I jokingly replied, "Well, I am a man of my word and I will certainly keep my promise. Since the regular fee is ten dollars, the half of that would be five dollars." The young man cheerfully paid the five dollars and they went on their happy way.

While I was superintendent of the Wisconsin Con-

ference, I was being entertained at dinner in the home of a farmer in northern Wisconsin. The farmer asked, "Do you have any relatives by the name of Roberts in this part of the country?"

Thinking I could see a twinkle in his eye, I replied, "No, I do not think so. Why?"

"Well," he replied, "there is a colored family living in the woods by the name of Roberts." Well, I would rather be related to some colored people I have known than to some white folks.

From what I have learned of the Roberts tribe, they are of a roving disposition. They seem to want to be on the move, restless. It seems that they "would rather be where they are going than where they are at." They would rather sing, "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord", than to sing, "I'll stay where you want me to stay."

In keeping with their disposition, the Tennessee Roberts family moved from the state of Tennessee to Randolph County, Indiana, and settled on a farm while my father was a small boy. It is not known definitely, how long they lived in Randolph County, but it was probably about fifteen or twenty years.

It was during this period that the dreaded disease known as "milk-sick" became prevalent in Indiana and many people died of the disease. It will be remembered that one who died was the mother of Abraham Lincoln. My mother had the disease when she was a little

girl but she recovered, while her mother and her little brother, Benny, died of the disease. It seems that "milk-sick" was caused by drinking or using cow's milk after the cow had eaten a poison weed, thus poisoning the milk. The disease was usually fatal. I remember that the family doctor came to our house one day and told my mother that a woman had a strange disease and that he was not sure what it was, but he thought it might be "milk-sick." He had heard that a person who had had the disease, or had been near it, would never forget the peculiar odor that accompanied it. He asked Mother to go with him and visit the sick woman, and she agreed to go. She said that, as soon as she stepped inside the home and smelled the odor, she pronounced it "milk-sick." It had been fifty years since she had had the disease.

John Clinton Roberts, my father, married Martha Ann Puckett, the daughter of Zachary Puckett, who was an attorney in Winchester, Indiana. While I was pastor of the church in Lynn, Indiana, I became acquainted with some elderly men who had known Mr. Puckett, and they said that he was one of the most able attorneys in that part of the country. He was a relative of Zachary Taylor but was not sure what the relationship was. The night Zachary Taylor was elected president of the United States, the town of Winchester celebrated by carrying Grandfather through the streets of the city in an armchair.

It was about this time that the Roberts family

heard of the fertility of the soil in the state of Iowa. Perhaps partly because of the "milk-sick" scare in Indiana and partly because of the report of the fertility of the soil, they decided to go to Iowa. While the members of the family were getting ready their wagons, oxen, and other supplies for the overland trip to Iowa, it was discovered that John Clinton Roberts' young wife had a mind of her own and steadfastly refused to go with them. All the members of the family tried to prevail upon her but to no avail. The father, mother, brothers and sisters all went, and settled on farms in Guthrie County, Iowa, a short distance west of Des Moines. Thus, it would seem, figuratively speaking, that "by a simple twist of the wrist", destinies are sealed. That there is a divine Providence in it, we verily believe. In Ruth 11:3 we read, "And her hap was to light on the part of the field belonging to Boaz." In place of the little word "hap" you may place the words "divine Providence", for it was through the line of Boaz and Ruth that Christ was born into the world.

The names Zachary and Taylor, have been kept in our family all these years. One of my mother's brother's was named Taylor, and another brother named his son Zachary. I had a brother, Zachary, and another brother, Taylor. My son, Floyd, named his younger son, John Taylor.

My father, who stayed in Indiana, was not satisfied; he was lonesome and restless without the other members of the family. He wanted to go someplace

and he scarcely knew where. One day he heard of lead mines in the state of Wisconsin. Thinking that he would like to make his fortune in the mines, he talked it over with his young wife, who did not care to go. However, she knew that they would need to do something to make a living and decided, as a compromise measure, that she would go with him to Wisconsin.

Many a man and his wife have separated for less cause than this, but separation does not seem to have entered their minds. They made their vow, "until death do us part." It was a game of give and take and each meant to play the game until the end. Accordingly, they made their arrangements for the trip and, securing a wagon and oxen and loading their few possessions, they started on their long journey.

Years afterward, my mother told me that their trip was a perilous one. Over northwestern Indiana and southern Wisconsin there were practically no roads and they were compelled to go through swamps and woods. She said that when she awoke in the morning and heard the prairie chickens crowing under the wagon, she cried and prayed, for she was homesick and wished that she were back in her home in Indiana.

They finally reached their destination near Monroe, Wisconsin, and they remained there about two years while Father worked in the lead mines. Their first child was born and they named him William Zachary, whom we shall later call Dr. W. Z. Roberts, for he became a minister and spent about fifty years

in the gospel ministry of the United Brethren Church. My personal opinion is that he was the most able minister of the Roberts family. He was a very successful and much loved pastor, and for twelve years he was a presiding elder or conference superintendent in Auglaize and Sandusky Conferences. He studied law for some time before he entered the ministry and his law training was a great help to him in his administrative work.

After about two years in Wisconsin and the lead mines, John Clinton Roberts and his wife were glad to return to Indiana. As they travelled across the state of Indiana with their oxen and wagon, they came to Blackford County where they found eighty acres of land for sale. It was in the woods and the swamps, but they bought it. It was little more than a place to put a farm, but they cleared away enough woods for a place to live and built a little pole house which they called home. They made this farm their home as long as they lived, and they kept adding to it until the family owned one hundred and eighty acres.

I am the youngest of a family of nine children and the only one living at the present time. With the exception of W. Z. all were born on the farm in Indiana. Following William Zachary were twin boys, one of whom died in infancy and the other at the age of twelve years. Next in order was Endsley Millard, then John Taylor, Lydia Ann, Marenna Messalina, Martha Vienna and Charles Jefferson.

At the time of the Civil War, Father was about forty-one or forty-two years of age. He was drafted and taken to the southern battlefields, leaving his wife and four young children on the mortgaged farm in the swamp and woods. He served in the Fifty-first Indiana Volunteers, Company H, under Colonel Strait. He was wounded in his left hand, in the battle of Nashville, Tennessee. Neglect of the wound resulted in gangrene and in the loss of the use of his entire arm. Exposure on the battle-field caused him to contract what was then called "lung fever", and as a result of this sickness he spent several weeks in a hospital.

When he had sufficiently recovered he was sent home, but he never regained the use of his left arm. However, he did such work as he could with his right arm. He was a local minister of the Methodist Protestant Church and did quite a little preaching, mostly in schoolhouses as there were few churches in the country at that time. He lived for about fourteen years after the war and during that time, he served as Justice of the Peace, Assessor, and as a "public sale cryer", and did other such work. He came to be known everywhere as "Squire Roberts". He died when he was fifty-seven years of age; Mother was, at that time, forty-seven and I was seven years old. Mother never re-married and was a widow for twenty-nine years.

I do not remember my father very well but some of the neighbors who knew him well have told me, "Your father was a Christian gentleman." That Mother Rob-

erts had a very difficult time during the war and during the twenty-nine years when she was a widow and was bringing up her children, goes without saying. I have often said, when preaching a Memorial Day sermon, that many wives and mothers who stayed at home while their husbands were fighting in the war had the more difficult time. Mother was a life long member of the Friends or Quaker Church and was devoutly religious.

THE WINDS OF FATE

One ship drives east, and another west,
With the selfsame winds that blow;
'Tis the set of the sails and not the gales
That tells them the way to go.

Like the winds of the sea are the winds of fate,
As we voyage along through life;
'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal
And not the calm or the strife.

--- Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

CHAPTER II.

Boyhood Days.

The topic, "Boyhood Days", reminds me of the story of the little colored boy who was playing by the roadside when a man came along and said, "Hello, Sonny! How old are you?"

The boy replied, "Well sir, from what my mammy say, I'se nine years old. But from the fun I'se had, I'se most a hundred." Most boys do not realize what a blessing boyhood days are nor do they appreciate them until they have passed.

I mentioned, in the former chapter, the first pole log house my father built. It was in the deep woods as it had not yet been decided where the public road would be. After this was determined, Father built another and a better log house, perhaps four or five hundred yards from the new road. This was the log house in which I first saw the light of day, as did some of my older brothers and sisters. Some time after my birth, Father planned to build yet another better and larger house as the family had outgrown the one in which they were living. Because my father was a progressive man it was to be a "modern" structure, for he wanted to keep abreast of the times. Since the community had become interested in what were called "hewn-log" houses, and since a few of them had been erected near-by, Father planned to build such a house. It required much more work and planning than did the pole-log house. This one was to be built up against the former home.

Practically the entire country was wooded, with only small fields here and there which had been cleared to raise enough corn, wheat, rye, buckwheat, potatoes and other food to feed the families. There was plenty of all kinds of timber such as walnut, oak, hickory, maple and elm. The trees were of all sizes so that the settler could go into the woods, cut down the trees, cut the logs into the desired lengths, hew the two sides with a broad-axe and take them to the place where the house was to be erected. Everything was made ready for the day when the neighbors would be invited in and the house would be built. A foreman was selected, then several men got hold of a log, and when the foreman cried, "Hee-O-Hee", up went the log. Men who were especially good with an axe were selected to notch the logs on the corners. After the house had been erected, the owner and others who were willing to assist cut pieces of wood to fit between the logs, mixing mortar and "chinking" the cracks to keep out the wind and water and to make it secure. A big dinner was served to all the neighbors who were assisting. Often a keg of whiskey was ready for those who were thirsty, but if my father served anything it was water and cider. I remember this house very well as it was one of the largest and best houses in the community and stood for years. In fact, it has only recently been torn down. It had a shed kitchen with planks nailed vertically.

My brother, Endsley, lived in this house for several years and brought up a family of seven children in

this hewn log house. His wife died when his oldest child was about thirteen years old and the youngest was only two, but he kept the family together and never married again. I remember hearing someone say to him, "Endsley, why do you not get married?"

Endsley replied, "The kind of woman who would come in here with so many children I ought not to have, and the kind of woman I ought to have would not come in here."

When his last child married, he quit keeping house and lived with his children until he died at the age of eighty-three. When I went to the home of one of his children, where he had been staying, to attend his funeral, his oldest son met me at the door and said, "Uncle Charley, Father was both father and mother to us children." It seemed to me that this was compliment enough for his father's life.

At first Father owned eighty acres, but he later bought other land. When I was about five years old Father bought another eighty acres which was across on what we called "the other road" and which joined his original farm. The land was all fertile but this "eighty" was probably the best of any of the land. Another thing about the purchase that seemed to please all the family was that there was, on the new land, a very good frame house. Since I was only about five years old at that time, I do not remember very much about it but I do remember when we loaded up the furniture and drove the stock over to the new farm. This addition

completed the one hundred and eighty acres which Father owned.

I remember that, one evening when we had lived on the new farm for about two years, Father came in from the barn where he had been helping with the chores, got a comforter and lay down behind the stove, saying to Mother, "Mother, I am sick and must not go out any more." He never did go out again.

As soon as he went to bed, one of the older brothers went to the barn and bridled and saddled a horse and went to the small town of Trenton, two and a half miles away, and secured Dr. Landon, our family doctor. Dr. Landon examined him very carefully and then shook his head and said, "He has lung fever and I fear the outcome." I suppose that a doctor today would call it pneumonia. I do not know how many days he lived but I am sure it was not many. He had had "lung fever" while he was in a hospital in Nashville, Tennessee, during the war, as the result of a gun-shot wound and of exposure on the battlefield. We pay a terrible cost for our wars when we deprive a family of young children of a father whose counsel they need so much.

One night Father was suddenly taken worse and all the family were called to his bedside except "Zackey," who was then a home missionary in Walla Walla, Washington. I am told that he said, "Goodbye" to each member of the family, and asked each one to meet him in heaven. He then asked about Charley and they told him that I was upstairs in bed. I suppose they thought

that, since I was only seven years old and the youngest in the family, I would not understand. He asked them to call me and they came upstairs and brought me down. God has helped me to remember that night, for Father put his hand upon my head and said, "Charley, be a good boy and meet me in heaven." That was a good many years ago but I think that I can still feel his hand on my head. Father left us that night, never to return. We can say with one of old, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." -- II Sam. 12:23.

The day of the burial came and the neighbors came in to express their sympathy to Mother and her sorrowing children. I use the word "burial" because the funeral was not preached until two or three weeks later in the little church in town on a Sunday morning. Ministers were scarce in those back-woods communities and bodies had to be buried soon for people did not embalm in those days. Uncle Jake Listenfeltz, our good friend and neighbor for many years, brought his spring wagon and the casket was placed in it and taken to the Trenton Cemetery. As I remember it, the only funeral service which was held at that time was when Mother knelt on the grass by the side of the grave and prayed.

On the day of Father's burial, I sat by Mother's side as the neighbors came and shook hands with her and expressed their sympathy. It seems that they did not see me or say anything to me. Only one man, Uncle Joe Hudson, told me how sorry he was that my father was dead. He said that he wanted to be a friend to me,

and that if he could do anything to help me, he would be willing to do it. He had two sons, one just younger and the other just older than I. I think he must have told his sons to be nice to me because I had no father, for they were always kind to me.

When I grew old enough I did some farming, but not very much, as we had few farming implements and only one team of horses, which were not very good. My brother, Endsley, and my brother-in-law, Jasper Creek, farmed the rest of the farm. When they put out a field they gave Mother a third or two-fifths of the crop, but we had all of what I raised to help feed the family. Often when I had my work done, I went over to Uncle Joe Hudson's to see if he had anything for me to do, and he always found work for me and paid me in cash.

As a seven year old boy, I knew that my father was dead but I did not know all that it would mean to me in the years ahead. I did not know that I would not have him to tell me day by day how to do things as I saw other fathers tell their sons. I needed a father as any boy needs a father. As a minister I have conducted hundreds of funerals and I believe that I have always tried to say a few kind words to the children when I have conducted their parents' funerals. I remember that, as I grew year by year, I would sometimes go out in the road in front of our home and look up and down the road, and my childish mind would try to think that after all, there might have been some mistake, and that perhaps Father would come walking up the road some day, but he never did.

There were no churches in our community in those days. There were churches in Trenton, two and a half miles from our home, in Pennville, four miles away, in Montpelier, six miles away, and in Hartford City, the county seat, eight miles away. All roads were mud roads and it was impossible, much of the year, to go very far. My brother, Endsley, married Susan Listenfeltz, the daughter of Uncle Jake Listenfeltz, who lived across the road from us when we lived in the hewn-log house. On the Listenfeltz farm, but at the end of the lane which led to our house, was a little white school-house known as the "Roberts School-house." Occasionally a minister would "send an appointment" and preach in the school-house. Three denominations were represented in the community, United Brethren, Friends or Quakers, and Methodists. My mother had two brothers and one sister living and all three were ministers. Revs. Thomas and Taylor Puckett were ministers in the Christian "New Light" Church. Uncle Thomas was a practising physician as well as a minister, while Uncle Taylor was blind, having lost his eyes as the result of a bomb explosion during the Civil War. Mother's sister was Rev. Vienna Johnson, a minister in the Friends Church. Aunt Vienna was a good preacher and a great evangelist. She came to visit us and Mother prevailed upon her to hold a revival in the school-house. She had a great revival and people came and filled the school-house. One evening my brother, Endsley, went to the altar and was happily converted. The next day he went out and brought his brother, Taylor, to Christ. You will recall

that the Bible says that Andrew brought his brother, Simon Peter, to Christ. What might have become of Simon Peter if Andrew had not brought him to Christ? What might have become of Taylor if his brother, Endsley, had not brought him to Christ?

After the great revival in the school-house, the people organized a Union Sunday School and elected Endsley, superintendent. Since it was before the days of Sunday School quarterlies and helps, they bought one hundred small Testaments which the superintendent kept in his home and carried back and forth each Sunday morning. Endsley entered the ministry and preached some and was pastor of a charge for a short time, but being rather easily discouraged, and seeming to have an "inferiority complex", he dropped out of the ministry.

After the "great meeting", as it was often called, two churches were organized in the school-house, the United Brethren and the Friends, or Quakers. Mother who had always been a Quaker; my sister, Remma, and her husband; the Listenfeltzes, and some others became members of the Friends Church. My brother, Endsley, and his wife; my sister, Lydia; our first cousin, Robert Rynard, and his wife, and some others became members of the United Brethren Church. There was no friction at all between the two churches; everyone went to church no matter who did the preaching.

Rev. William Gossett was sent, soon after this, to become pastor of the United Brethren Church. His charge consisted of six or eight churches, most of which were in school-houses. Rev. Gossett delighted to tell of

his first visit to our community. As I remember, the story is as follows: When he thought he was near the Roberts School-house, he began to inquire for someone by the name of Roberts and was directed to the log house where my brother, Taylor, lived. He was riding a horse, the way most ministers traveled in those days. Finding the log cabin, he rode up and called, "Hello! Hello!" Taylor's wife, Becky, came to the door and Rev. Gossett asked whether Taylor Roberts was at home. She informed him that her husband was at his brother's, the next house east, where they were butchering. He rode on down the road to my brother, Endsley's, and inquired whether he could get his dinner and have his horse fed. My brother replied that they had had their dinner but that he thought they could find something to eat.

After caring for the horse, they went into the house and Endsley's wife, Susan, prepared some dinner for him. Rev. Gossett did not tell them who he was. My brothers both went into the house with him and visited while he ate. The minister asked many questions about the people and the community. After finishing his dinner, he took out his pocket-book and asked, "How much for the dinner and the horse feed?"

My brother had become a little suspicious that he was the new minister and so he replied, "Well, we have not been in the habit of charging ministers anything."

At that Rev. Gossett took a hearty laugh, remained during the afternoon and assisted them with the butchering. Thus began a warm friendship which continued to the ends of their lives.

When someone became a Christian and wanted to join the church in the religious meetings in the school-house, it became the custom for the minister to ask him which church he wished to join. One evening when I was between nine and ten years of age, I went forward to unite with the church. Rev. Gossett asked, "Charley, which church do you want to join?"

Now I had not, as yet, studied church history. I did not know that Mr. Kurtz had written and published three volumes on the subject, nor had I read the history of the Reformation. I did not know that there were such things as "liberal" and "conservative" Christians, nor had I heard of the battles which had been fought over pre-millennialism and post-millennialism. I had not made a study of church government and polity; these things, for me, were in the future. I did know a little about the Friends Church, for Mother had long been a member of that church and her sister was a great Friends preacher and evangelist. I knew that my oldest brother, Zacky, who was married about the time of my birth, had become a minister in the United Brethren Church.

He had married a young woman named Mollie Stubbs, a beautiful, black-eyed girl. They had lived happily together for a few years when she became sick and died, and because of her death, he was grief-stricken. God had called him into the Gospel ministry some years before and he had refused to obey. After his wife's death he said, "The day Mollie died I saw a vision and heard a voice, and it was the voice of my young wife, Mollie.

She said to me, 'Now Zacky, go and do your Master's will.'" He offered himself to the United Brethren Church and the Home Mission board sent him to Walla Walla, Washington. He was there when Father passed away. That city was thought of as being farther away in those days than Japan or China is today.

Then I remembered a Quaker minister, Rev. Mattie Thornton, who said to me, "Charley, when thee gets to be a man, thee is going to be a Quaker preacher, isn't thee?"

Later I heard a Quaker minister say to my mother "Aunt Martha Ann, why didn't thee make Quaker preachers out of thy sons?"

Mother replied, "Oh, all I want to know is that my children are living good lives and are trying to do good. It is all the Lord's work."

Knowing Mother's attitude, I replied to the minister, "I want to join Zacky's church." I have been a member of "Zacky's church" ever since and I have no regrets. I have had a good time.

In those days not much attention was paid to children in the church or any place else. I have waited many times until two o'clock on Sunday for my dinner while the preachers and other adults ate their dinners and until they had eaten all the good pieces of chicken and left the neck and back for the children. Often they would sit at the table and discuss some theological question until we children were nearly starved. I hardly know why I ever consented to enter the ministry unless it was to get even with the preachers of my childhood.

I think that I have always been religiously inclined although I have not always been a Christian. For about two years after I became a Christian, I was a good one and, when a praise service was being conducted, I always took part. Of course, I probably did not say much and I suppose that I said almost the same things each time. Some would laugh at me and gibe me about my religion so that, finally, I became discouraged and quit taking part in the services. As a result I backslid, but I always attended Sunday School and Church.

When I was about ten or eleven years old, something occurred which somewhat changed our home-life. My sister, Lydia, had married Joseph Huffman and they had lived together only a short time when he became afflicted with that dread disease, consumption. After a lingering illness of some months, he died. My sister had spent what money they had for doctor's bills and funeral expenses. There was nothing for her to do but to bring the baby, Edgar, and come home. For a while our family had consisted of Mother, Sister Vienna and me. Now there were five in the family instead of three. We continued to be five for some years. This increase in the size of the household made it more difficult for my widowed mother.

After the two religious organizations had worshipped together in the school-house for some time, they began to discuss the advisability of planning to build churches. I never learned whether it was by mutual agreement or just by accident, but the United Brethren people secured an acre of ground for a church about two

miles west of the school-house and the Friends people secured an acre of ground for the same purpose about one mile south-east of the school-house.

While I was a member of the United Brethren Church, I think that my loyalty was somewhat divided between the two churches. I was inclined toward the Quakers because of the fact that my mother was a member of the Society of Friends, the fact that the members of that church were very nice people, and the further fact that the Quaker ministers who came from Richmond, Winchester and Portland always came to Mother's home and I came to know them well. The fact that they did not observe the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper and the further fact that they did not believe in an educated and paid ministry raised questions in my mind. My mother was a loyal member of her church and she had been elected an Elder. However, she was not entirely satisfied with some of these things. She was conservative and cautious in what she said and so she did not discuss such questions.

At the time the Friends were discussing the necessity of erecting a church building, a Rev. Mr. Wasson was preaching for them. I remember that he was a very good man as well as a very good preacher and that he made his living, largely, by working at the carpenter trade. He made them the proposition that, if they would furnish all the materials and board him, he would build the church free of charge. Of course, they gladly accepted the proposition and Mother said that she would give twenty-five dollars and board him her share of

the time. I remember wondering how she could do that when she was compelled to save the nickels and dimes from one tax-paying time to the next in order to meet her taxes. I also wondered how she could take in another boarder with the extra expense and work. To my surprise, she boarded the preacher more than her share of the time and paid her subscription promptly, paying more than she had agreed to pay. She said that we had got along better financially while the church was being built than we had before. I do not believe that it was an accident that all four of Mother's sons became ministers.

Practically all of the Friends ministers who came to preach at Olive Branch Friends Church were entertained in Mother's home. The Revs. Evan and Mattie Thornton, both of whom were ministers and who lived in Portland, Indiana, came often. Neither of them was educated, they could not preach very well, but they were good folks.

The Friends Church did not pay much, just a free-will offering and perhaps some donations. Because of this, they became very good beggars and learned to ask, in a very nice way, for things they needed. One Monday morning, having spent the Sabbath in our home, they were getting ready to go home when Mrs. Thornton, looking out the window, said to her husband, "Evan, look at Aunt Martha Ann's roosters. Wouldn't one of them make us a nice meal?" Needless to say, Mother had me catch one of the roosters and tie its legs together and put it into their buggy.

Mother never missed Sunday School or church services or prayer meeting if she was able to attend. She had a gentle, gray mare which we called Filly. She secured a second-hand phaeton buggy and a set of heavy harness. The weather was never too stormy nor too cold for her to go to church. My sisters and I did not always go. I went more often than they as neither of them was very religiously inclined. One of them would often say to Mother, "Mother, I would not go to church today, it is too cold."

Mother would reply, "Oh yes, I will go as long as I am able, for I may be compelled to stay at home for a long time."

She was compelled to stay at home for a long time because, during her last years, she was greatly afflicted, her hands and feet being drawn out of shape, and her back bent. She was compelled to walk with a cane or crutch.

The Friends had their prayer meeting on Thursday mornings at ten o'clock and Mother was practically always there. She gave us to understand that, no matter how busy we were on the farm, I must come to the house early enough on Thursday so that I could hitch Filly to the phaeton so she could get to prayer meeting on time. We had only one team of horses but I could go along to the meeting or mow weeds or do what I liked while she was gone, but she would go to prayer meeting!

In Quaker meetings people do what the Spirit moves them to do. Often there does not seem to be much going

on, people meditating and quietly praying. My mother attended many prayer meetings and Sunday services without offering a public prayer. Many times I waited and listened, hoping that she would pray, and occasionally I was rewarded. She would quietly say, "Let us pray." She would then go to her knees, begin slowly and deliberately, seeming to forget that anyone was hearing, and would bring heaven and earth together as she prayed.

I have heard some of her neighbors say, "I would rather hear Martha Ann Roberts' prayers than any sermon I ever heard."

I sometimes think that we have lost "the art of prayer," if that is what we call it. Do you wonder that all four of her sons became ministers? As I have said before, I missed a great deal by not having a father as I grew to manhood, but if anyone ever was both a father and a mother to her children, it was my sainted mother.

I believe that this story will illustrate something of the disposition of the Roberts family. They were noted for having rather high tempers, some having more temper than others and some having learned better how to control their tempers than others. Something had gone wrong in our home but I do not remember what it was. It probably was not much, as was usually the case. It seemed to me like a big thing and, because of it, I decided to leave home. I would not live there any longer; I would leave and go as far as the road was open! I had no idea how far it was open. I had been west as far as Hartford City, eight miles away, and had noticed that

it was open beyond that town.

In keeping with my determination, I started west rapidly but I slowed down a little when I arrived at the crossroads about a half mile west of home. I then decided not to go west all the time but to turn north for a while. Coming to the woods pasture, I climbed over the fence to take a long last look at home. I sat down on a log and fully expected to see Mother send one of my sisters across the fields to call either my brother or my brother-in-law who lived in the other houses on the farm. But Mother went about doing the morning chores, feeding the chickens and cows, and doing the other work as if nothing had happened. I remained there until after dinner time and then until after dark. The lamps went out at home and I knew that the family had retired for the night.

It was Mother's habit to wait until the Seth Thomas clock struck eight and then she would wind it and go to bed. I was hungry and a little bit afraid in the dark, so I went across the pasture field to the house, took off my shoes on the back porch and went quietly upstairs to bed. When I heard Mother grinding coffee for breakfast, I got up and dressed; ate a hearty meal, and I have not run off again from that day until this.

A mother with less wisdom would probably have sent someone after me to bring me home and I might have run away again and again. The father of the Prodigal Son was wise; he probably did not want his son to leave home any more than my mother wanted me to leave. He was older than I and went farther away and

had more unpleasant experiences than I, but he became cured of his desire to leave home and so did I.

My sister, Vienna, was four years older than I and we walked one and a half miles to school each day, going practically every day in all kinds of weather. We did not have a school bus to pick us up every morning and deliver us to the door every evening, nor did we have a father to come after us when the weather was bad. I remember one evening when it was raining a torrent and the water was across the road in several places. At the close of school, our brother, Endsley, was at the schoolhouse door on a horse. He lifted Sister and me to the horse's back and took us to his house, which was about a half mile from the school, and we spent the night with him. It was the first time I had ever been away from home over-night and I did not sleep much. When I did sleep I dreamed that Mother was sick. You remember that Jacob had a dream the first night he was away from home. I could scarcely wait until time to go home the next evening because I was so sure that Mother was sick. When we finally did arrive she was perfectly well.

One evening when school was over it was snowing and drifting. Some of the drifts were higher than our heads, so we went over fields and woods to get around them. We walked miles and did not get home until very late that night. Mother was quite uneasy and, as I think of it now, I marvel that we ever found our way home at all.

I do not think that I went to school in those days

because I was so much interested in the school and the studies but to play ball and black man and bull pen and other games at noon and recess. We studied and recited because we had to. It was before the days of basketball and football and picture shows but we had our recreation to take up our spare time. Life was a little hard in Blackford County, Indiana, in those days and we were poor, but we had enough to eat and Mother made us warm clothes and we enjoyed life and had a good time.

There was a huckleberry bramble about three or four miles from our home and many people went, when the berries were ripe, to gather them to can and to sell. The first pair of trousers I ever bought for myself, I paid for with money I made selling huckleberries.

Early one morning a neighbor boy, Isaiah Hudson, and I went and took our lunches, planning to stay all day. We hid our lunches in a hollow log and gathered berries all forenoon. At noon we went out of the bramble patch to eat our lunches and to rest. We found our lunches gone! We rested and talked over what we should do, whether to go home or go back and pick berries and we finally decided to stay the rest of the day. In the evening when we started for home, we were very tired and hungry and our loads were heavy. There was a house not far from the patch. We knew who lived there but we did not know the people very well. However, we decided to ask for something to eat. The woman cut each of us two slices across a large loaf of home-made bread and then spread them thick with butter. Then

she put a large slice of cold ham between the slices of bread. Say, I never enjoyed a lunch as much as that one, before nor since!

Some of the land had been cleared when I was a boy but much of it was yet in woods. We gathered hickory nuts, walnuts, and hazelnuts by the bushel. Wild plums, grapes, blackberries and strawberries were to be found in abundance and we had a good time hunting and gathering them.

The town of Trenton was about two and a half miles from our home and I often went there for the mail and took eggs and butter to trade for groceries. When I went in, the clerk would usually say, "What do you want, Bud?"

I would say something like this, "I have brought some eggs and butter and I would like to trade them for some coffee, soda, matches, baking powder, and I'll take the rest in sugar."

Probably the clerk would say, "Well, wait until I finish this game of checkers."

Sometimes Mother went to Montpelier to trade. This town was about six miles from our home. We knew some people about halfway to Montpelier, and Mrs. Fensel and Mother were very good friends. The Fensels were from Germany and spoke quite broken English. Mother would often walk to Montpelier and she would sometimes stop at Fensels' to rest and to visit. One day she stopped and said to Mrs. Fensel, "How are you this morning, Mrs. Fensel?"

"Well", was her reply, "I do not feel so very good

this morning, I borned a baby last night."

Hartford City, the county-seat, was eight miles from our home and we usually went there to the mill. In those days it took almost a day to get the grinding done. We took wheat and corn and they ground it into flour and meal, but we had to wait until it was ground. It took a lot of patience to go to mill!

It is reported that Abe Lincoln went to such a mill when he was a boy. He waited for a long time until he became impatient and then said to the miller, "I have a dog at home that can eat that meal faster than you can grind it."

"Yes," said the miller, "but how long could he keep it up?"

Lincoln replied, "Until he starved to death."

Eventually millers became modern, too, and they began trading flour and meal for wheat and corn so that people did not need to wait so long.

Hartford City was a circus town, and a circus came there almost every summer. On such occasions I would walk to town to see the parade. I could never go to the circus because I did not have the money. After I became a little older I could go to the side show but still I could not get hold of enough money to go to the circus. When I was pretty well grown I had enough money and I decided that I would go to both the side show and the circus.

First I went to the side show where I became interested in the shell game. A man with some shells would say, "Give me five dollars to guess which shell the bean is under. If you guess correctly you keep your five dol-

lars and I will give you another five dollars." Sometimes when they were not guessing very well he would say, "Guess for fun." When they did that, they guessed correctly and he would give them five dollars. It looked easy to me and I watched carefully. There were two boys there from my community and they were guessing and filling their pockets with five-dollar bills. I thought that I would try it and I went over in a corner to count my money. I had just \$4.85. That was not enough to play the game and that was fortunate for me for, if I had lost it, I would not have had enough money to go to the circus. When I met the boys at home I asked them how they did it, and they told me that they had been hired to play and that they gave all the bills back to the man. I learned my lesson at that time; you cannot beat people at their own game. I have found this to be very true in life.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan;
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lips, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,-
I was once a barefoot boy!

-- John Greenleaf Whittier.

CHAPTER III.

Young Manhood.

When do we pass from boyhood into manhood? In what year of a boy's life does he make the transition? Are there signs of a change and, if so, what are they? The boy begins to wash his neck and ears a little more thoroughly; he tries to make a part in his hair, which has long been neglected. He may take a little more interest in girls. He may do as I did, turn the stove-lid upside down and use the soot to black his boots. However, I believe that the best sign, in my case, was in the fall that I began the eighth grade in the country school; I suddenly realized that I wanted an education. Why, I did not know. What I would do with it if I had it, I had no idea. As far as I can remember, none of the other boys in our community went to school beyond the eighth grade.

There seemed to be no possible way for me to go to high school. There were few such schools and they were far away, and my mother did not have money to spare to assist me. I finished the eighth grade the following spring and began the farm work, putting out a larger crop than usual and working diligently all summer. I did not know but that some way might open in the fall for me to get further education.

One day my mother was assisting me in doing some work in the field, as she often did when there was a job that was too difficult for me to do alone. I said to her, 'Mother, I am going to get an education.'

"Well", said Mother, "I wish you could but I do not know how you are going to do it."

I replied that I did not know either but that I intended to, adding "God works in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform."

As school time came on I saw no chance to go to high school so I decided to take the eighth grade work over again. My brother, Zacky, had returned from the west some years before and had taken a charge in Auglaize Conference. He had married again, this time to a widow named Sarah Buskirk. Only recently he had been elected one of the presiding elders of the conference and he was living in Decatur, Indiana. A few days after Christmas of that year he came to visit us. That evening I came into the house after doing the chores. I believe, from what took place, that Mother had been telling him of my desire for an education and that I had been going to school to take the eighth grade studies again. Be that as it may, he said to me, "Charles, how would you like to go home with me and go to high school?"

As I remember it now, I could hardly believe my ears, but I managed to say that I would like to do so. He then said that he had a horse and a cow and that there was wood to split and that, since he was away from home so much of the time, he would be glad to have me come and do these things for my board and room. I replied that I could not go with him right away but that, if he said so, I would come later. I knew that I would have need of money for clothes, books and other things.

There was a cotton-wood tree which stood in a

field where it had been left for shade for the stock. It had grown so large that it shaded about a half-acre of ground. Crops could not grow there and we had often said that the tree should be cut down. I asked Mother whether I might have it if I would cut it down and take it away, and she gave her consent. I then arranged with my brother, Endsley, to help me and we cut it down, sawed it into lengths, split it into what we called "bolts", and hauled it to the paper mill in Hartford City. I received \$6.33 for my share and, with that, I started for Decatur and high school.

When school was out in the spring I went home and put out a crop, worked part-time for the neighbors, dug potatoes for Uncle Joe Hudson, cut corn by moonlight for Frank Havens, helped George Rogers put up hay, and saved a little money with which to go back to high school the next year.

In the meantime, my brother, Zacky, had bought a home in Ossian, Indiana, and had moved there, so I went to Ossian High School that fall.

When I arrived home from Ossian in the spring there was much to upset my plans. Father had not made a will and Mother did not want the work and the responsibility of looking after so much land, so she had the estate settled. She was given one-third of the farm and the remainder was divided into small plots for the seven children, this being done by a committee, appointed by the proper authorities. Mother received sixty-eight acres, where the frame house was located and where we lived, and she made herself responsible for the shares of the minor children.

Taxes were being increased and, to magnify our problem, the county was planning to build a gravel road from Hartford City to Penville, a distance of twelve miles. The road was to be built past our farm and our assessment would be quite heavy. There had long been a great need for such a road but her share of the cost of building it would be heavy for a widow, so I decided to do what I could to help her.

I put out a rather large crop, considering the implements and horses I had to work with. I attended a public sale and bought a set of heavy harness; I went to Hartford City and bought a wagon, buying everything on time and giving my note, with Mother as security. As soon as I had a little time from the farm work I began to haul gravel on the new road. With my wages, I paid for the harness and wagon and turned over several dollars to Mother, so that she could pay her road assessment. After the road was finished I went to the town of Dunkirk, about six miles away, and worked on the streets with my team and wagon. In Dunkirk, I rented a barn where I kept the horses and where I slept in the haymow. I took food from home for myself and for the horses so that I could stay and work from Monday morning until Saturday evening, giving money to Mother to help with the added expense. I did not plan to go to high school that fall as I was needed too much at home to leave.

Country schools, in those days, made much of the last day of school. Everyone went and took his dinner and the school gave a program of recitations, speeches, dialogues, songs and the like. Usually, at noon, there

were games such as wrestling, baseball, and jumping. I had been winning some jumping contests that year, such as "running, two hops and a jump". I had practiced, hoping to win the contest on the last day of the Roberts School. A young man had beat me by a few inches but I had not yet made my best jump. Accordingly, I started on what was to be my best jump when, on the first hop, my heel struck a small rock, which turned my ankle. Friends had to help me home and that ended my career of jumping. That ankle has always been weak.

The school just west of us was known as the "Pleasant Dale School". They were to have their last day of school on the Friday after my jumping experience. I had planned to attend that celebration and, by using my cane, I was able to go. When some of the other boys and I arrived, the room was full and the afternoon program had begun. I saw a vacant place and started for it when the girl who was sitting there moved over to make room for me. She has said that she has been moving over ever since, for her name was Leona Anetta Wyandt, and she later became my wife.

The last several months had been very busy and uncertain ones for me; I had not decided what my life work should be but I really wanted to be a lawyer. Grandfather Puckett had been an attorney but I saw no chance to study law. Above all else, I wanted an education but I was not succeeding very well in getting one. For some time these words had been coming to me whenever I thought of an education, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." From whence did

these words come? I had heard them somewhere. Were they in the Bible? I did not know.

A few years before, my brother, Taylor, quit farming, held a public sale and sold his farm, machinery and stock. He and his young wife, Becky, moved to Harts-ville, Indiana, where he entered college. His wife died during his last year in college but, although broken-hearted, he graduated and then went to Dayton, Ohio, and entered Union Biblical Seminary, later Bonebrake Theological Seminary, now United Seminary, graduating three years later. He probably never would have entered the ministry if Rev. William Gossett had not kept after him to sell his farm and his farming implements and go to college to prepare himself to be a minister. After completing his education, he was a successful minister in White River Conference until he was elected presiding elder. He served in that position for sixteen years, the longest length of time any man has served in that capacity in White River Conference. He became one of the founders of Indiana Central College and its first president.

He was a widower for several years and made our home his headquarters. After he was assigned a charge in White River Conference, he visited us often. We were all very happy to see him whenever he came home and we were proud of him for he was quite successful as a minister and as an evangelist having, every year, more conversions and additions to the Church than any other minister in the conference. He had a host of friends wherever he went. He was a great home-lover

and was always glad to get home, and he always brought something for each member of the family. At one time he brought Mother a nice Bible, the book, "The Hoosier Schoolmaster", for my sister, and for me, "The Hoosier Schoolboy". One time he brought the largest book I had ever seen and said, "Charley, when you have read this book through, it will belong to you, but until you do, it belongs to me." I wanted so much to own the book that I read every word of it. It was "The Story of the Bible". The average child will not read the Bible very much, but he will read a story of the Bible. Every home where there are children should have such a book.

Leona Wyandt and I were married on December 28, 1894. I was twenty-one years old and she was nineteen. Girls in our community married when they were sixteen or seventeen years of age, and why not? They usually did not plan to go on to school after the eighth grade. My wife had gone to Normal School at Penville, Indiana, for one term, hoping to teach in the country. When I suggested marriage, she accepted the suggestion and we were married.

My brother, Zacky, did not know of my plans for getting married and so, a few days before the wedding, I received a letter from him, informing me that he had bought a hardware store in Ossian. He wanted to know whether I would be interested in working for him in his store. He explained that he needed to be away from home much of the time and that he would like to have someone he could trust to manage the office in his absence and to clerk in the store. He said that he was

doing some credit-selling to reliable people and that he wanted me to investigate the standing of his customers and to keep a watch on when the bills came due, so that he would get the discount for cash payment. He also said that, if I liked the work of the store, he would be glad to sell me a half-interest.

While I did not profess to be a Christian, I attended Sunday School and church services regularly and was a firm believer in religion and in the Church. I thought, "Perhaps this is of the Lord." So it proved to be but in a way that I did not then know. I boarded the train soon after the first of January, 1895, for Ossian, leaving my bride in her father's home on the farm until I should decide just what I was going to do.

I began working in the hardware store in January and continued until the the last of April or the first of May. I was learning about the work and how to get along well with the public. I had never done anything, up to that time, that I liked as well. My brother seemed very well pleased with my work and we talked over, from time to time, plans for my buying a half-interest in the store. Then something occurred, as if out of a clear sky, to change my plans.

Rev. J. W. Lake, a young minister, had been assigned to the Ossian charge as pastor of the church which I attended. The people of the church thought that I was a Christian because of my regularity in attending the services, but I knew very well that I was not a Christian. When the church and the pastor began evangelistic meetings, I would attend one evening and then stay away two or three evenings. I would go to the store

and find something to do in the office until the close of the evening service, then go home and go to bed. The pastor called on me and asked me to attend the meetings more regularly, but I told him that there was so much to do in the office that I could get away only occasionally. All the other clerks were active Christians and they attended regularly.

During the second week of the meetings they began having services at two o'clock in the afternoon. We were not very busy in the store and the other clerks arranged with me that some of them would go to the afternoon services while others looked after the store, but I insisted that I could not get away. I assured them that any of the rest might go any time they desired to do so. They all knew that I was planning to buy an interest in the store and that, as I would probably be the future manager, they should not press me too much. I remarked to some of them, one day when they were urging me to go, that my brother was paying me for working in the store and not for attending church during the day. When my brother came home, I think one of them must have told him what I had said. At any rate, he came to me and said, "Charles, I understand that you think I would not be pleased if you left the store to go to church in the afternoon. Now you go to church any afternoon or every afternoon and it will be all right with me." I then confessed, "and denied not, but confessed," that I did not WANT to go to church, afternoon or evening. The fact was that I was afraid to go for fear I would surrender to the Lord, for I was very much under conviction.

In all my ministry, no one has ever been able to insult me by saying cutting words to me when I tried to get him to become a Christian because I remember so well the cutting remarks I made to those who were interested in me. I attended the services on the second Sunday evening of the revival. Since the pastor had preached at his other church that morning, there had been only Sunday School in our church. I arrived late, purposely, on that Sunday evening with the thought in mind, "They will not get me tonight." The church was fairly well filled and I found a place far back and about half-way between the aisles. I had arranged this deliberately as I had learned that, when the interest in the meetings increased, some of the workers would go out into the congregation and speak to people about their souls. I did not intend to have anyone talk to me!

The minister concluded his sermon without announcing whether or not the meetings would continue longer than that evening; so far no one had come forward. I do not know, to this day, what came over me but, as the congregation sang the first verse of a hymn, I pushed my way out of the pew and up the aisle and literally threw myself at the altar. The Christians came about the altar and prayed for me, talked to me, and asked me questions. They patted me on the back, but not one word did they get from me. They urged me to pray but I would not. As soon as I knelt at the altar that evening, I became conscious of something I had not known until that minute, that God was calling me to preach the gospel, and I refused. I did not intend to

have all my plans upset like that! I left the altar and the church that night as I came - without God.

I was much too stubborn to take anyone into my confidence and no one found out what was the trouble. On Monday morning I went back to the store but I did not want to talk to anyone and I spent part of the day in the back room, blacking stoves. The fencing wire, in those days, came in bales, each weighing a hundred pounds or more. People used a machine to put it up, unrolling the wire as they went. As we had quite a supply of wire in the back room, I put in a good part of the day rolling it from one corner of the room to the other, where it was no better off than before. I told the Lord that, if His call to the ministry was final, then my answer was just as final: I would never consent to preach. "What fools we mortals be!"

What led to my call to the ministry? How did I know that I was not mistaken in that call? These questions were then and still are beyond me, and I have never been able to answer them to my own satisfaction. True, Rev. Mattie Thornton had said that, when I was grown, I was to be a Quaker preacher. Rev. William Gossett had laid his hands on my head and said, "Charley, my boy, you will become a preacher." I had two brothers in the ministry and I was very proud of them. My mother was a devout Christian, a great student of the Bible, and a regular church attendant. I am sure that all these things had something to do with it.

That evening after supper I went to the barn to care for the horse and the cow. After throwing down the

hay, I knelt in the haymow and tried to pray. As I remember it, I told the Lord my plans for my life work. I promised Him, if He would let me be a Christian layman, I would go to church faithfully and, if He would help me to succeed, I would support it liberally. As for preaching, that was out of the question; I could never preach, I was too timid. My prayer, in brief, was, "Please excuse me."

I had decided not to go to church that Monday evening until, after supper, something seemed to say, "Are you a coward?"

My reply was, "No, I do not believe that I have ever been a coward." So I decided to go.

When I went into the church, I went up near the front. There are times in a revival when things seem dead, and it is sometimes difficult to account for it. That seemed to be true on that Monday evening; it seemed true to me and others spoke of it. The pastor could not preach much. Then he tried a praise service but that did not go across.

Rev. Lake asked the congregation to stand for the benediction when one of the older members of the church said, "Hold on, Preacher, I am not satisfied to close this service."

The minister said, "Well, Brother Young, what do you suggest?"

Mr. Young replied, "Let us stand and everybody shake hands with everybody else."

As we rose I thought, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." As I reached my hand to the person near-

est me, I said, "Lord, if there is no other way out, I will preach."

God filled my soul with glory that night and I shouted and shook hands with everyone in the house, gave my testimony of saving grace, and told of my determination to enter the ministry.

My brother was not present as he had gone some place to preach and to hold a quarterly conference. My brother's wife, Sarah, made the following statement: "Mr. Roberts always conducts family worship when he is at home and I have been in the habit of conducting it in his absence. When Charley came to live with us, I conducted it a few times and he did not kneel with us. I quit having it for I was fearful that he was critical of my way of doing it but, if God will forgive me, in the future I will conduct family worship, no matter who is in my home."

My mother had prayed silently in our home, after the Quaker custom. She simply bowed her head before meals and we children bowed our heads with her. I had not been, in any way, critical of Sarah nor of her way of conducting family worship but I was not a Christian and thought that it would look as if I were acting a hypocrite if I knelt.

The next morning I wrote two letters, one to my mother and the other to my wife. In Mother's reply she said that it made her very happy when she received my letter, telling of my conversion and of my decision to become a minister. The answer of my wife was along the same line with the addition of a statement that she

would do all she could to assist me and that she would be willing to go to the ends of the earth with me.

My wife's father, George W. Wyandt, was a good Christian man. He was a trustee of the Pleasant Dale Church and one of its most faithful and active members. When my wife told him about my decision, he was very glad for the report. He suggested to her that if I had changed my plans and wanted to go to college, he would do anything he could to help me. He also asked her to tell me that he needed a man to assist him during the summer on the farm and, if I was interested, he would be glad to employ me. A few days later I left for home where I worked for my father-in-law on the farm.

“There’s a long, long trail a’winding
 Into the land of my dreams;
Where the nightingales are singing
 And the bright moon beams.
There’s a long, long time of waiting
 Until my dreams all come true,
Till the day when I’ll be going
 Down that long, long trail with you.”

CHAPTER IV.

Preparation for Life Work.

It may be that this chapter has been incorrectly named, for of what period in any person's life can one say, "Here was the beginning of his preparation for his life work?" When was the beginning of the preparation of the apostle, Paul? He was well trained by his private instructor, Gamaliel, but he thought that his preparation was for his work in the Jewish Church and in the Sanhedrin. At what period in the life of Moses can one say, "Here he began his preparation for his life work?" All his early years were years of preparation, the forty years in the home of Pharaoh's daughter and in the palace of Pharaoh, the ruler of Egypt, and the years in the University of Egypt. The forty years he spent in caring for the sheep of Jethro, his father-in-law, in the wilderness, were a time of preparation for his life work as a law giver to the human family and as the great leader he became, bringing his people out of the bondage of Egypt. During this second forty years, he was in the "school of hard knocks" and was communing with nature and with nature's God.

We cannot put our fingers on the place and say, "Christ here began His training for His work in the world." We usually say that Christ spent thirty years in training for three years of active work. As a boy, He was a close observer of nature, judging from the number of nature parables He used. The years in Joseph's carpenter shop were years of training. In fact, all the years of His life were years of training.

I think that many of the experiences narrated in the preceding chapters had much to do with my preparation for my life work in the gospel ministry. It is reported that a Roman Catholic priest said, "Give me a child until he is seven years old, and you may have him ever after", meaning that the first seven years are important enough in the religious teaching of a child that he will never stray from his early training. It is to be doubted whether this statement is strictly true, but there is a large element of truth in it.

In my early ministry in White River Conference in central Indiana, and in St. Joseph Conference in northern Indiana, there was practically always a shortage of ministers, while in Indiana Conference in southern Indiana, there were usually more than could be used. These ministers would often come north to serve churches. There came to be a saying, "The land is so poor in some parts of southern Indiana that it will not raise anything except preachers." It is possible that my early poverty, and I had much of it, was an early preparation for my ministry.

As stated in the preceding chapter, my wife and I were married on December 23, 1894, and I began to work for my father-in-law on the farm about the last of April or the first of May, 1895. He paid me the customary wage, by the month, including our board and room. I do not remember what the customary wage was at that time, but I am sure it was not much for those were hard times. One of the worst depressions this country has ever had began in the early nineties. My wife was the

oldest of three sisters. Because her mother did not have very good health, my wife had been accustomed to go ahead with the housework and she continued to do so during the summer. We were together and this gave us an opportunity to talk things over and to plan what we should do in regard to my education.

At that time there was no United Brethren college in Indiana, as Hartsville College had closed. We spoke of Otterbein College in Westerville, Ohio, but we thought it was too far away and probably a little expensive, so we decided not to go there. We had heard of Taylor University, a Methodist college in Upland, Indiana, about sixteen miles from home. We drove over, looked things over, talked to Dr. Reed, the president, and decided to enter that college in the fall. Taylor University is located south of the little town of Upland, and we succeeded in finding a four-room cottage about halfway between the business part of town and the college. The rent was four dollars a month and we were to get possession in the fall.

During the summer months we kept busy, as we had time from farm work, getting things ready to go to housekeeping. I took the wagon and went to Ossian and bought, from my brother in the hardware store, some things we would need, such as a cook stove, a heating stove, kitchen utensils and other items. My wife kept making sheets, pillow cases and bed covers. She sewed carpet rags and made a carpet to fit the living room of our new home.

My mother wanted me to go with her to visit her brother, Rev. Thomas Puckett, in Grant County, before

we moved to Upland, so we drove over there one Saturday to stay over Sunday. We went with the family to their country church on Sunday morning and heard my uncle preach, for he was the pastor of the church. When we arrived home for dinner, there were at least a half dozen buggies and carriages in front of the house. The people wanted medicine, for my uncle was a physician as well as a minister. On Sunday afternoon I overheard a conversation between Mother and her brother which I suppose I should not have heard. They were in one room and I was in another when I heard Mother tell him that I intended to be a minister and that my wife and I were planning to go to housekeeping in a college town so that I could attend college.

He said, "Well, Martha Ann, if God wants Charley to preach, He will tell him what to say."

Mother replied, "I used to think so too, Tommy, but I have changed my mind."

My mother was conservative and careful about what she said. She was a member of a church which, at that time, did not believe in an educated ministry, so I was very glad to hear her make that reply. I did not understand how Uncle Tommy could believe that it was necessary to have an educated physician to heal sick bodies, for he was compelled to have a medical course before he could practice medicine, but did not believe that it was necessary to have an educated minister to doctor sick souls. I was very sure that, when God called me to be a minister of the gospel, He called me to prepare for my ministry.

When we moved into our four-room cottage in Upland and began to arrange for fuel, I went uptown to the gas office. It was at the time of the natural gas boom in Indiana. When I asked the price of gas, the man in charge said that it would be fifty cents a month or five dollars per year, if paid in advance. I happened to have a five-dollar bill so I paid in advance. We had two stoves and seven light jets and had plenty of gas.

The preceding fall I had sowed a field of wheat on Mother's farm and, since I planned to go to housekeeping, she gave me a share of the wheat. I moved it to Upland and stored it in the grist mill so we would have flour. There was not enough to last us through our college course but probably there was half enough. I had gone after flour a time or two when I heard uptown one day that the mill had gone into the hands of a receiver. I made a bee line for the grist mill and told the man in charge that I had come for some flour. He said that he could not let me have any because of the financial condition of the mill. I said, "Well, I came for flour and I intend to get it." So saying, I walked over, picked up a fifty-pound sack of flour and walked out. He did not try to stop me nor did he say a word, but that was the last flour we received from our store.

I worked very hard during my college course; money was scarce and I wanted to improve my time. I had not finished high school and so I had to make up some work in the Academy. I finished the full four-year course in three years, graduating in June, 1898. Perhaps colleges of today would not allow a person to do this but,

because my grades were quite good, they allowed me to do it. That we had a very difficult time, financially, goes without saying. Two of our children were born while we were in college, Floyd Lester, on March 2, 1896, and Florence Martha, on October 16, 1897. Several times we thought that it would be better if we would quit and if I would go and hunt a job, but something would always occur to help us keep going.

There is one experience which we will never forget. We ate the last food in the house for breakfast one morning and we had no money. I told Mrs. Roberts that, after breakfast, I would go and see if I could find a job. She asked me whether I had my lessons prepared for the day and I assured her that I had but I reminded her that we had nothing for dinner. During those years we had our family worship in the living room after breakfast. She suggested that we wait until after family worship to decide what to do. During worship that morning we talked to the Lord about it; we told Him about the situation and that He had called us into His work and that we wanted to know His will in the matter.

After our worship period Mrs. Roberts said, "Now you go on to your classes." This I did, and I was busy all forenoon and never gave it another thought until I came in sight of our home at noon. Suddenly I remembered that there was nothing in the house to eat. When I came a little closer, I saw Mother's horse tied to the fence and her buggy near-by. I found Mother in the house and my wife had dinner all ready. My wife had not said one word about our situation and I said noth-

ing. Mother told us that she had decided, all at once, that morning to come. She did what she always did when she came to visit us, she put in some flour, meat, potatoes and other things, and she came through Hartford City and bought some more groceries. I asked her what time she went to the barn that morning. When she told us I looked at my wife and she looked at me, for it was just the time when we had been on our knees in family worship. About ten years later I told Mother how she had helped to answer our prayers. While in college I did what I could to help. I worked at something each summer and, during the school year, I clerked in a grocery on Saturdays. I received a dollar a week and took it out in groceries, which lasted us a good part of the following week.

When we moved to Upland, we found that the Methodist Church was the leading church in the village because Taylor University was a Methodist college. The Society of Friends was fairly strong. The United Brethren had a very small organization and no building. The Universalists had a building which they were not using and so our people, who had only recently organized, rented it. Mrs. Roberts and I transferred our membership to the Upland United Brethren Church. That same fall another young man, Frank H. L., and his wife moved to Upland so that he might attend college. He was also a member of the United Brethren Church. I tried to prevail upon him to transfer his membership to our church, but he said that they would attend the Methodist Church as it had a larger congregation and a

more able minister. Hearing him preach would be part of his preparation for the ministry.

The membership of our church was so small and so few of the congregation had the ability to do church work that they soon had Mrs. Roberts and me doing most of the work. I was janitor without pay for a good part of the time, was superintendent of the Sunday School, taught a class, and was class leader most of the time. I was steward for two years and made the rounds every three months, collecting "quarterage" for the pastor, Rev. Charles E. Hunt, the father of Dr. Virgil G. Hunt, now of Indiana Conference South. The charge consisted of three churches. The Hartford City Church, in the county seat of Blackford County, was then a small, frame building in the suburbs of the city. The Millgrove Church was in a small town, southwest of Hartford City, and the third church was in Upland. The pastor preached at our church every other Sunday afternoon.

I was very hesitant about preaching my first sermon. I was willing to do every other kind of church work but when Rev. Hunt asked me to preach, as he often did, I was afraid to try. During the second year of our stay in Upland and his second year as pastor of the charge, he began an evangelistic meeting and stayed with us at night and for breakfast. Not many families were prepared to keep anyone over night but we had an extra room. Rev. Hunt became ill in our home and was confined to bed for several days. I went to the church each evening and conducted prayer and class meetings. I had been working on a sermon for weeks and had it

as nearly ready as it was likely ever to be but I could not get up the courage to preach it. I decided, however, that I would preach on a certain evening if Rev. Hunt was not able to go to church. I did not announce the fact for fear I would get "cold feet". When the evening came I preached, using the text of scripture, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Matthew 6:33. It was the verse of scripture that had kept ringing in my ears when I was trying to get an education and was failing. I really thought that I preached very well and several people were kind and thoughtful enough to tell me that it was a good sermon.

A little while after this, Rev. Hunt asked me to preach for him at the Millgrove church on a Sunday morning while he was in special meetings at Hartford City. I agreed to go but I went with great fear and trembling, arriving in time for Sunday School. Near the close of the session one of the men came to me and said, "There is a funeral at the Methodist church this morning and we and the Methodists never have services in our own churches when there is a funeral in the other church." I have never been so glad, before nor since, to hear of a funeral!

My mother had told me that she would be glad to announce that I would preach in the Friends church some time when we were going home for a visit. In the course of time, when we were planning to visit her, I wrote telling her that I would preach at her church on a certain Sunday evening, and she had it announced.

On that Sunday evening the rain just poured down! Only twelve or fifteen people came, some of our relatives and some neighbors. We began the service with a few songs and prayers and I read a scripture lesson. We were singing a song just before I was to preach when Rev. Tharp and Uncle Neaf Listenfeltz walked in and sat down, about half way to the front of the church. Rev. Tharp was pastor of the Pleasant Dale United Brethren Church. He was one of the most able ministers of the denomination, a fine looking man, very deliberate in his preaching. I knew him very well and had heard him preach a number of times. Mr. Listenfeltz was a member of his church. He lived close to the Olive Branch Friends Church, indeed the ground where the church stood had been part of his farm. The minister had come to his home for supper as he had an appointment at Pleasant Dale Church that evening, but it rained so hard that they did not think anyone would come to their church. For that reason, they decided to come and hear me preach.

I immediately went down the aisle and asked Rev. Tharp to come up and preach but he shook his head. I begged him to preach but he said, "No, Charles, I came to hear you preach." What he said and the way he said it completely unnerved me but I went forward and announced my text and did the best I could. I was conscious, all the time, that I was making a complete failure. I knew that my mother and my other relatives were all embarrassed and I was much humiliated. Before retiring that night, I made a resolution that, never again, would I be defeated as I had been that evening. I would

make my preparation to preach and, no matter who came into the service, I would never be "flooded" again.

I was much like the young minister of whom I have heard. He was just beginning to preach when a United States senator came into the service. He was so embarrassed that he floundered about. When he got home and while his wife was getting dinner, he went out into the garden to preach his sermon. He began by saying, "Everyone of you cabbage heads is a United States senator," and then he delivered his sermon. On the next Sunday morning he said to himself, "Everyone of you United States senators is a cabbage head" and then he preached his sermon.

I have never had any trouble along that line from that day until this. People in the audience may know much more than I but, when I have prepared to speak, I do not let anyone bother me.

On another occasion, a sister of Mrs. Roberts invited us to visit them and she asked me to preach in their schoolhouse. She had married a young man of a German family and was living in what was known as "the German community". There was no church near their home and the people of the community did not go to church often. We sent her word that we would come and that I would preach on a certain Sunday. She was quite religious and had the meeting well advertised so that the building was filled. At the close of the service, one of the German men came and shook hand with me saying, "If I had been shootin' preachers, I would not have shooted you." I did not know then and I do not

know now whether or not he meant it as a compliment.

The college had a custom of holding a public service in the college chapel each Sunday afternoon of the college year. One of the professors or one of the students would preach. One Sunday afternoon I preached at one of these services. I do not think that I preached more than eight or ten times until after my graduation from college but I preached often enough to "get hold of myself" and to have some confidence in my ability.

The spring of 1893 was during the war with Spain. It was not known how long the war would last nor how serious it would become, so the college authorities had the students drill on the campus. Fortunately, the war proved to be no more than a skirmish and none of us had to go.

Graduation exercises were great events in colleges in those days, and we began early to get ready for them. Every graduate was expected to give an oration. I selected my subject, had it approved by the faculty, committed it to memory, practiced it in the woods, and got ready for the great event. A platform and seats were arranged on the campus and people came from miles around, including many relatives of the graduates. The program took the entire day. We settled some important questions which had never been settled before. I used as my subject, "The Harmony of Science and Revelation." I settled that one to my entire satisfaction then but, after fifty years in the ministry, I find that I know almost nothing about science and certainly I know less about Revelation.

We had never been in debt during our college days

because we were afraid to go in debt for fear we would never be able to "pay out," since we had no dependable income. However, after Christmas of our last year, we realized that something would need to be done as my senior year would be more expensive than the others. With great hesitancy I went to the grocery where we had been trading and asked the owner whether he would sell me groceries "on time" until after commencement. I intended to get a job and pay the bill during the summer. To my surprise and great satisfaction, he said that he would be glad to sell me all the groceries I needed and that I might pay for them when I could. I would say that we owed him not more than twenty dollars at commencement time. After I secured a job at the glass factory as a laborer, at \$1.20 a day, I paid our account in full. We thought we were rich that summer!

My quarterly conference license to preach was issued at Hartford City, Indiana, and it is dated June 27, 1896, and signed by Alonzo Myer, Presiding Elder. My annual conference license to preach was given at Greentown, Indiana, dated September 4, 1897, and signed by Bishop Jonathan Weaver. My ordination took place at Kokomo, Indiana, on September 4, 1901, and was signed by Bishop Ezekiel K. Kephart.

It had been my plan, from the beginning of my preparation, to complete a college course and to preach two years and then go to Dayton, Ohio, and take a theological course in Union Biblical Seminary. My friend, Frank H. L., tried to prevail upon me to go directly from college to the seminary as he did. He had some advantage of me as he had sold a farm of one hundred and

sixty acres which he had inherited. He was spending the proceeds for his college and seminary training. Our ways parted there; he went to Dayton and I gave my name to my conference for a charge. I do not think I would have gone directly to the seminary even if I had had the money as it had always seemed to me that it would be helpful to have a few years experience in the ministry before taking my seminary training.

I now think, as I look back upon it, that I set goals, early in life, for myself. When I was farming I would go to a field and step off what I thought would be a good day's work, put up a stake, and try to work toward the goal that I had set. Some days I would reach it and some days I would do even more than I had allotted to myself. If a neighbor came along and insisted upon taking my time in conversation, I would stop and talk and let the horses rest a while. Then I would say something like this, "Well, I must get busy and finish what I have planned for today." In my ministry I have planned to make so many visits a month; I have set a goal of so many additions to the church for a year, and I have set many other goals for myself. I have found that it is worth-while to set goals toward which to work.

Having graduated from college in June, 1893, I attended the sessions of White River Conference that fall and gave my name to the stationing committee for a charge. I was assigned to the North Marion Circuit, consisting of Christy Street Church in north Marion; Otterbein Church, a few miles west of Marion; and Michaelsville, a little town, north-west of Marion.

The cottage in which we had been living was sold

that summer and the new owner notified us to give possession in the fall. After making the first round on my charge and after being informed that there was no parsonage and, since Upland was only a few miles from Marion and I could go over on the train, we decided to find a house in Upland, as we thought living would be cheaper there than in Marion. A friend had just moved and had rebuilt a six-room house which he agreed to rent to us for six dollars a month. He had not yet painted it and he gave me a job of painting it to help pay the rent. Another thing that influenced us to stay in Upland was the fact that my brother, Dr. J. T. Roberts, who had been presiding elder of the Indianapolis District, had been transferred to the Marion District. He had asked me to look for a home for them in Upland so that we could be together. I succeeded in renting a good house, and he and his family moved to Upland.

I found, on my new charge, two problems which would need immediate attention. There was no church building in the town of Michaelsville. We had a very small organization and we held our services in a hall over a grocery. The members were not able to pay the pastor much; in fact, they did not see the need of paying him anything at all. They thought that, if they paid the rent of the hall and bought the fuel and met a few other expenses, that would be about all they could do. In order to preach for them I would be compelled to walk quite a distance, as walking was the only way of reaching the town. One of the men told me that he thought I could get a job in a saw mill if I would move my family to Michaelsville. I told him that I did not want to move

there and that I did not want a job in the saw mill, as I had intended to enter the ministry. I took the matter up at the first quarterly conference. I asked them for the privilege of discontinuing the Michaelsville appointment and my request was granted.

The other problem, in the Christy Street Church, seemed more serious. Two families of the church had had a misunderstanding of long duration; they were decidedly "at loggerheads" with each other. One family said that they would leave the church if I did not drop the other family from the church rolls and the other family said the same thing about them, while the rest of the membership took sides.

I was reminded of a time, in the country school, when Elmer Murphy and I had a fight and put the teacher in a "hot-box". We had our fight at the noon hour. When we came in from the playground the teacher called us up on the floor and said that he would give us the choice either to shake hands and make up or take a whipping.

I said, "Elmer, which will you do?"

Elmer replied, "I will shake hands and make up."

Then the teacher said to me, "Charley, which will you do?"

"I will take a whipping," I said.

Well, as pastor of the Christy Street Church, I was in a "hot-box". What should I do? I consulted my brother, the presiding elder, and we decided to conduct a church trial. I was young and I think now that I was a little audacious, but I did not know what else to do. My brother went with me and presided; we called in the

witnesses. After all the evidence was in, we turned both families out of the church. It is the only church trial with which I was ever connected.

I announced a revival meeting, to begin at once, as I really thought we needed it. We had a wonderful meeting; more people came than could get into the church. Many people thought that we did right in turning out both families, for both were to blame. One of the couples attended part of the time and, at the close of the meeting, they invited me to their home for dinner. They said they were sorry for their part in the difficulty and asked me whether I would be willing to take them back into the church. I told them, if they would repent and not make any further trouble, I would be glad to take them back. I received them into the church on their profession of faith and I am told that they were good members until death. When we had these troubles ironed out we had a wonderful year.

The north Marion meeting was followed by a good meeting in the Otterbein Church, in the country. We have never had better people than the members of this church, nor people who were nicer to us. I stayed, most of the time during the meeting, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Johnson. They were prosperous farmers, had a lovely home and lived near the church. Among the converts in the meeting was their daughter, Alta, who was eighteen years old. Later she married Rev. Jesse Nall, and both of them are still living at Portland, Indiana. After Mr. Johnson died, Mrs. Johnson and Rev. William Gossett were married and lived together for several years before they passed away.

The meeting at the Otterbein Church continued a week or two longer than I had anticipated. People who seldom attended any church were coming to the services and the church members seemed pleased and wanted the meetings to continue. The young preacher was entirely out of sermons. I took Brother Johnson into my confidence and told him the situation. When we went home after the evening service, Brother Johnson would say to me, "You are not out of sermons. That was the best sermon you have preached yet." I gave him credit for being sincere in his compliment but I knew that he just wanted to encourage his young minister.

I had prepared to preach a certain sermon on a Thursday night. I thought it was one of my best evangelistic sermons but, on that evening, we had quite a storm. It was cold and it was snowing and blowing. Since I had planned to use this sermon and could not well use another, I preached it. On the following Sunday evening the weather was beautiful and we had a nice crowd. I decided to use the same sermon that I had preached on Thursday evening. That night I went home with Mr. and Mrs. Miller. After we had arrived at their home, Sister Miller complimented me on the sermon of the evening. I thanked her and then said, "Sister Miller, did you ever hear anyone preach on that subject before?"

"No, I do not think I ever did," she said.

Then I told her that I had used the same text and had preached very much the same sermon on Thursday evening of that week. She could hardly believe it. I thought then and I think now that anything that is worth saying is worth repeating.

The next summer I took dinner one Sunday at the home of my good friends, the Johnsons. In the afternoon Brother Johnson said that he wished he could find a good "hand" for the harvest season, when he would be busy harvesting wheat, oats and hay. I asked him whether he thought I would do and he replied that I would be all right if I could do it. I told him that I had been brought up on a farm and that I knew something about farm work. He said that I might go to work the next morning and that he would pay me a dollar a day and my board. I told him that I could not work on Monday morning because I would preach at the north Marion Church that night and then I would go home after church, get some work clothes and be back by Monday noon. I kept the appointment and was there at noon ready to go to work. After a few days, at the invitation of Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Roberts and our two small children came and we were there all summer. Mrs. Roberts had also been brought up on a farm and she assisted with the work. Often after this, when we met Mrs. Johnson, she would remark that she did not know how she would have got along that summer without the help of Mrs. Roberts.

I had hoped to stay on my first charge for two years and then go to Dayton, Ohio, to attend the seminary. The charge paid me \$255 for the year and I paid my own rent, but it was not quite as bad as it sounds. I had painted the house where we lived and that helped with the rent, and we had received board and room for the family and one dollar a day during harvest. We had been able to live within our income but had not been able to

save any money. About a month before conference I announced that we were planning to ask for another charge at conference time. My presiding elder had told me that I had made good and that he would see that I had a better charge the next year if I wanted to move. Ministers often did not stay more than one year in those days and, while both churches expressed a desire for us to stay, we decided to move.

I was to preach my last sermon before conference in the morning at the Otterbein church and in the evening at the Christy Street church. The country people asked me to bring Mrs. Roberts and the children for my last service, and I did. We went to the home of Mr. Dooley, the Sunday School superintendent, to stay Saturday night. They suggested, after supper, that perhaps we were tired, and if we wanted to retire they would get the room ready. We went to bed rather early and Mrs. Roberts and I thought we kept hearing noises most of the night. At the close of the morning service the Sunday School superintendent said that he wanted to say a few words. He said that they had appreciated our work during the year and that they disliked to see us leave, but they knew that we should have more salary than they were able to pay. However, they wanted to give us a token of their appreciation. Some of the women then brought forward a nice "name quilt" which they had been making all year. People had paid ten cents each to have their names put on the quilt. We learned later that some women had stayed up most of the night at Mr. Dooley's to finish it. That was in August, 1899, about fifty-five years ago, and the quilt is still in very good condition. They then presented me a nice new Prince Albert

suit of clothes. They said that they wanted me to go to conference looking like a minister. The suit was a very good fit and I still do not know how they found out my size. Thus ended our first year in the ministry.

I attended conference that year and Mrs. Roberts stayed at home with the children. The sessions of the conference were held in Indianapolis First Church. Most of the charges in White River Conference, at that time, were circuits; there were very few stations. I had not been at conference long when Uncle Henry Fadely, the delegate from the Middletown Circuit, came to me and said that he understood I was planning to leave the North Marion charge, and asked whether I would be willing to come to their charge. The Middletown Circuit was one of the best in the conference. They had a good parsonage at Honey Creek and there were few parsonages in those days. I told him that I would go any place the stationing committee sent me. I could have said, "especially if it is as good a charge as yours." He said that Rev. D. O. Darling had been their pastor for two years and they had supposed he would return but that, on the last Sunday before conference, Rev. Darling said that he was leaving. Mr. Fadely remarked that if Rev. Darling decided to leave he would ask that I be sent to their church.

Another delegate came to me, Mr. James Hutchins from the Lynn charge. He was known by all the ministers, as he was a delegate practically every year. "Uncle Jim", as he was familiarly called, was a fine man and quite jolly. He stuttered and this made his jokes all the more interesting. I had no idea until Saturday morning where I would be sent. Mr. Fadely came to me at that

time and said that Rev. Darling had finally decided to stay. I then supposed that I would be sent to the Lynn charge. I heard one of the ministers say to Mr. Hutchins on Saturday morning, "Uncle Jim, have you found a minister yet?"

He replied in his characteristic way, "N-n-n-no, them I w-w-w-w-want I c-c-c-can't get, and them I c-c-c-c-c-can get, the d-d-d-devil wouldn't have."

When the stationing committee reported on Sunday, they stationed me on the Lynn charge in Randolph County, not far from the Ohio state line. My wife and I thought, "It is close to Dayton."

The Lynn charge consisted of a new church building but a weak membership in Lynn, a town of about two thousand population; Modoc, a small town ten miles west of Lynn, with a population of about five hundred, a very good church membership, but an old, dilapidated church building; Mount Pleasant, a very good country church, about seven miles east of Lynn. The pastor was supposed to live in Lynn.

On the way to the Lynn charge we stopped off at the home of Mrs. Roberts' parents and at the home of my mother. My mother said to me, "You will need a horse and buggy for your new charge, will you not?" I assured her that I could not serve the charge without a horse and buggy and I said that I thought I would buy a horse and a second-hand buggy and harness. Then I asked her if she would be my security on a note. She replied that she would do better than that, as she had a very nice young mare, almost too small for farm work but a good buggy horse. She said that her grandson, Ed Huffman, who was still living in her home, had been

riding the horse and running races and that she was very much afraid, from what the neighbors told her, that Ed would ruin the horse. She said that my father had given each of my brothers a horse when he left home and that if the little mare, Nellie, would do, she would give her to me. I told her that Nellie would suit me very well and, expressing my appreciation, I secured a second-hand buggy and set of harness and we drove the rest of the way to the new charge.

The charge agreed to pay about \$150 more than my former charge had paid and about \$150 more than they had paid the previous pastor. My predecessor, Rev. D., was a good man and a very fine preacher. The people said that he never failed to preach a good sermon but that he had never learned how to get along with folks. He emphasized the dark side of every question. For example, the Modoc church made him a good donation of all kinds of provisions. On the following Sunday morning, in thanking them, he said, "You people gave us a little donation the other day, not half as much as you could, but we are grateful for small favors." He did not move from Lynn for a few weeks as he did not accept the charge the conference gave him, as he planned to go to another conference, but I kept my horse in his barn until we moved to Lynn. One day we were standing in the barn door, talking and looking at the church, a white frame building, when he said, "Young man, do you see that white church over there? Well sir, that will be the biggest white elephant you ever had on your hands." Very encouraging for a young minister!

The charge had no parsonage and we rented a five-room cottage. Since no one had ever lived in it before,

we had to buy several things, blinds, curtains to fit the windows, and other things. We had lived in the house for about one month when the owner came and told us that he had just sold the property and that we would have to move. I hastily called together some men from the church and told them that if I were to be free to do the work of the charge they would need to find us a place to live. I had investigated a five-room cottage which was for sale, just two doors from the church, there being only a vacant lot between the house and church. They bought the house and we moved in. Later on I helped to raise the money for it. It made us a very lovely home and there was a nice little barn and a good garden.

We remained on this charge for two years and during that time we bought little if any feed for the horse. Mr. Alexander, an elderly man from the country church, would come to Lynn, come down the alley and look into the oats bin or the corn crib and if I was about to run out of something, he would tell the neighbors and someone would bring the feed, Brother Alexander always bringing his share. What a blessing such men are to a minister! They cause him to want to do more and better work for the church.

Almost as soon as we were settled on the charge I began to advocate building a new church at Modoc. This met with much insistent opposition. A few of the people saw the need and wanted to build, but many did not. As I kept talking about it, more people began to be favorable, but we were sure that we would never succeed in building with the board of trustees we had. When we came to the second quarterly conference of the year,

my brother, the presiding elder, came and presided. I made a motion that the board of trustees, made up of five men, be dissolved, and the motion passed. I then made a motion that a new board be elected, and that motion passed. Then I presented the names of several people, as candidates, and suggested that others make nominations, and several other men were nominated. When the ballots were counted, four of the men whom I had suggested were elected and one who was suggested by someone else. The one I had not suggested made the best trustee of all. My brother and I have since discussed the matter and agreed that it was a rash act, but we were convinced that a new building was necessary and we did not know any other way to see that it was done. Sometimes a young pastor, with more zeal than judgment, can accomplish what an older man would hesitate to attempt.

I immediately drew up a subscription paper and started to take pledges. We began with two hundred dollars and several agreed to give that amount and others pledged smaller amounts. The wealthiest man in the church would give me no satisfaction. I saw him several times and all he would say was, "The old church is good enough."

We built a very good frame church for the size of the town. It had two rooms, a recessed pulpit, a choir loft, good carpet and furniture. There was a full basement with a furnace.

The church was almost completed and we were preparing for the dedication but our wealthy member had not given me any answer as to what he would do. I had tried to be very nice to him and very patient. One day

I met him on the road and decided that I would make him commit himself. I said to him, "Brother J., have you decided how much you are going to give for the new church?"

"Well, not for sure," he replied, "But I think I will go to the Methodists."

I said, "That is a very wise decision, for if you stay in our church and do not give when you are so well able to do so, you will be a stumbling block to others."

I reminded him that the Methodist church in Modoc was not nearly as strong as our church and that they were planning to make extensive repairs on their church building and that if he joined them and did his duty, it would cost him more than two hundred dollars.

Then he said, "I'll tell you what I will do. I will either join the Methodists or give as much as anyone else."

I replied, "You have made a wise decision."

When Dr. W. M. Weekly, Secretary of Church Extension at that time, came on Saturday for the dedication, I told him about Brother J. On Sunday morning, the day of the dedication, one of the first men to drive up in his carriage was Brother J., with his family. I said to Dr. Weekly, "There is our man and he is going to give."

When Dr. Weekly started to take subscriptions he asked first for two hundred dollars, and Brother J. put his hand up high and announced that he was giving cash. I have never seen a happier man than he was for the remainder of the day. He was very cooperative in the work of the church as long as I was pastor there.

When my presiding elder gave his report at the next session of the annual conference, he gave me one of the best compliments I have ever had. He said, "Brother Roberts is one of the few ministers who can extract money without pain."

Many of the people were very proud of their new church for it was a good building for the time. A few, however, could not become reconciled. They said that the congregation would be "stuck up" and would have more pride than religion. Among this number was one man who came up to me just before the dedication and said, "I want to ask you a question and I want an answer. I hear that they are going to have a fiddle in the choir on Sunday morning. Is that true?"

I knew the choir had been practicing some music for the dedication and that they were using a cornet and a violin to assist them. I simply said to the man, "Now Brother B., you must not believe everything you hear."

I told Dr. Weekly about the incident. After the anthem on Sunday morning I introduced Dr. Weekly, who commended the choir for their good music. He said that he had always liked violin music, but that he disliked a fiddle. He declared that he thought a fiddle was of the devil. Old Brother B. was very much pleased with what Dr. Weekly said, and agreed with him thoroughly!

The second year of my pastorate on the Lynn charge they increased the salary one hundred dollars. Just before conference of that year I announced our plans for moving to Dayton, Ohio, so that I could attend

the seminary. They told us that if we would stay with them the third year they would increase the salary another hundred dollars, adding that I had enough education. I asked them not to tempt me, for we had decided to go to the seminary. We knew something that they did not know, -another baby was to arrive that year and, if I ever were to take a seminary course it must be right away.

We rented a four-room house in Dayton. It had a living room and a combined dining room and kitchen downstairs and two bedrooms upstairs. It was on an alley and had never been painted but we found it a very comfortable place to live.

Having been out of school for three years I had difficulty keeping up with my class. There were young men from Otterbein and Lebanon Valley colleges who had come to the seminary direct from college. Perhaps these other colleges had been more thorough than Taylor University. I had taken some Greek in college but I had neglected it since college days. At the seminary I began the study of Hebrew, Systematic Theology, Church History, Theism, Self Revelation and other courses. During my first year the learned discussions of Dr. Drury were sometimes over my head.

I did not plan to do anything else but study in my first year, as we had saved a little money on the Lynn charge. The seminary furnished free rooms to single students and paid part of the rent of married students. I could borrow a hundred and fifty dollars from the Beneficiary Fund, without interest, if I needed it. We had established the habit of economy while we were in college and we had enough funds to get along fairly well.

In those days the seminary had what were called, "Oratoricals". The plan was that a student might choose his own subject the first time he gave an address or wrote a paper; after that the faculty chose his subject for him. After the paper or address had been given, the faculty gave criticisms. When I prepared my first production I gave it quite a little time and effort; I then read my paper to the students and faculty. I had been in the ministry for three years and I had prepared several sermons and addresses. I suppose that I used something I had used before, revising it to fit the subject. I probably thought that I had something that was pretty good and I probably read it as if I thought so. The members of the faculty expressed their appreciation of my paper and made some criticisms; Dr. Drury was the last one to make a comment. He said, "Brother Roberts had a very good paper. However, I believe it would have been better if he had given it another subject or if he had written another paper for his subject."

In January of our first year in Dayton, our third child was born and we named her, Ruth Marie.

A little before the close of the seminary year, a resignation had left the Noblesville Circuit in my conference, vacant. Dr. Wilmore, the presiding elder, wrote to me and asked me to take the charge and to finish out the year, a thing I was very glad to do. I made two or three trips over and preached for the three churches on the charge before the end of the seminary year. Then we moved a few things to Noblesville and lived in the parsonage.

I had two country churches in addition to the church in the town of Noblesville and had no way of getting to

and from the country churches. I began to inquire for a second-hand bicycle. Someone told me that Tom Sole had bought a bicycle but that he had had an accident with it and had quit riding it. He was a member of my church and owned a meat shop. I went to see him and he said that after the accident he had thrown the bicycle in the barn and had not looked at it since. He gave me permission to get it and said that I might have it if it was worth repairing. I got it and had it repaired for two or three dollars and rode it on that charge and for many years afterward.

In the fall we returned to Dayton and started our second year. I "had my bearings" a little better and found that, by hard work, I was able to take my place with the other students. I responded to calls to supply pulpits in and around Dayton, and for this I received some pay.

In the early spring of my second year, a vacancy occurred in the Columbus Grove, Ohio, church, one of the better churches of Sandusky Conference. Rev. A. W. Ballenger, the presiding elder, wrote to Rev. D., who was a member of that conference, a classmate and a good friend of mine. He asked him to go and spend a Sunday at the church and to preach for them. If he proved satisfactory to the church, he would be appointed to finish out the year. Rev. D. told me of the offer and I congratulated him. When he returned to Dayton on Monday he came to see me and told me that they had "turned him down," and that he had written to Dr. Ballenger, recommending me. The next Sunday I went on the same conditions. I preached morning and evening. I supposed that they would treat me as they had

my friend, for I knew him to be a good man, a good student, and as good or better a preacher than I.

At the close of the evening service, a meeting of the official board was called. I visited with some of the people in the sanctuary until they called me in and told me that they had voted unanimously to call me to the church for the remainder of the year. This would be about six months, and they would pay me at the rate of \$1000 a year and a parsonage, if we would move to Columbus Grove at the end of the seminary year. They would also pay our moving expense. I think that we have never known better people than the people of the Columbus Grove church. In addition to a good church building and parsonage, they owned an extra lot across the alley from the church, which the minister might use as a garden. When we moved, the first of May, they had most of the garden planted for us. On the first prayer meeting night after we arrived they brought all kinds of groceries. The Sunday School superintendent announced, "We thought we would do this so that you could live until quarterly meeting which is tomorrow night."

Soon after we moved they announced a cleaning day when they brought their lunches, and brooms and mops to give the church a good cleaning. Mrs. Roberts and I put on our work clothes and went over. Someone said to us, "What are you going to do?"

"Help clean the church," we said.

"You are going to do nothing of the kind," we were told. "We never allow our minister and his wife to help clean the church." We have had some churches that might have become pretty dirty sometimes if we had

not helped to clean them.

When we got ready to go back to Dayton for my last year in the seminary they begged us to stay and Rev. Ballenger also asked us to stay. Some of our furniture was in Dayton and we had contracted for a better house nearer the seminary as we expected some of our relatives to visit us during commencement week. I thought that I should go back to White River Conference where we had been born and had grown up. It did not then occur to us to spend our lives and ministry in any other conference. Perhaps we made a mistake but it has all "gone over the bridge" now.

Soon after we returned to Dayton, Dr. Macklin, the superintendent of Miami Conference, came to see me and asked me to take Olivet Church, a small church in Dayton. On Sunday afternoons they held a Sunday School in which I taught a class. Then I ate lunch with some of the people, made a few calls, and preached on Sunday evenings. The salary was small but I enjoyed working with the people and was glad to have a church to serve.

I have always appreciated an opportunity which came to me during my last year in the seminary; it is one of the "mountaintop experiences" of my life. U. M. Roby, H. D. Southard, R. F. Dougherty and I were elected by the students to represent Bonebrake Theological Seminary at the Student Volunteer Convention in Rochester, New York. There were young men there representing colleges and seminaries of every denomination in the United States and Canada. Such men as John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer and Dr. McDowell gave addresses. The theme of the convention was "The Evan-

gelization of the World in This Generation." Never have I been so gripped by addresses at any convention as at that one! I think that I had a definite call to become a missionary to China. I did not say anything about it to anyone but I could hardly get away from it. I did not mention it to the Foreign Mission Board for I knew very well that, with three small children, they would not send us to China. When I arrived home I told Mrs. Roberts all about how I felt. She said, "O well, we will try to be good missionaries at home." During these years we have tried to be just that. We will leave it to those who have known us best to decide whether or not we have succeeded. Our heavenly Father knows. Perhaps it will be manifest in the young people whom we have influenced, perhaps in our own children.

"Give me a man of God - one man
Whose faith is master of his mind,
And I will right ten thousand wrongs
And bless the name of all mankind.

Give me a man of God - one man
Whose tongue is touched with heaven's fire,
And I will flame the darkest hearts
With high resolve and clean desire.

Give me a man of God - one man,
One mighty prophet of the Lord,
And I will give you peace on earth
Bought with a prayer and not a sword.

Give me a man of God - one man
True to the vision that he sees,
Who will rebuild the broken shrines
And bring the nations to their knees."

(Source unknown)

CHAPTER V.

Early Years as a Pastor.

I was thirty-one years of age on March 22, 1904, and I graduated from the seminary in May of that year. I would not change, if I could, my three years pastoral experience between my college and seminary courses. Neither would I change the fact that I began my ministry in small churches. I have observed a tendency to give young men, when they have completed their training, some of the larger churches. Occasionally such young men make good but often they do not. I believe that if a young man "has it in him" and is willing to take the hard knocks, it is often to his advantage to begin in a smaller church.

My brother was still the presiding elder of the Marion District of White River Conference when I graduated from the seminary. He had been writing to me, trying to interest me in going to Portland, Indiana. He told me that we had sixteen churches in Jay County but no church in Portland, the county seat. He wrote that we had a few United Brethren families in Portland, that he had taken the matter up with the Home Mission Board and that they had agreed to pay me a hundred dollars if I would go there for the summer.

The offer appealed to me, not because of the salary, for I knew a hundred dollars would not pay my expenses for the summer, but because Jay County was adjoining Blackford, my home county; also that the sixteen churches in the county had been good "feeders" for the other churches in Portland and I had a desire to save

people of our denomination to our own church.

I wrote and told my brother that I was willing to go to Portland with the understanding that I should not be expected to stay there after conference that fall and he agreed to that. He told me that the Presbyterians were erecting a new church building just one block south of their former location and that their old building was a very good one. He asked me to investigate the possibility of buying the building and the lot for our new work.

I went to Portland for the summer but I left my wife and children in Dayton until conference time. The first thing I did after arriving was to rent a room in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henley, just across the street from the public library. The Henleys, members of the Methodist Church, were very nice people and were rather prominent in the city. I visited the United Brethren families who were living in Portland and who had not yet joined other churches. I told them why I was in the city and tried to get their reaction to the plan of organizing a new church. Some were interested and agreed to become members of the church if we organized, while some were not interested because of our small beginning and because of the expense of such an enterprise.

I hunted up Mr. S. W. Haynes, a prominent member and a trustee of the Presbyterian Church. I told him that we would like to purchase the building and lot and he agreed to take it up with the Presbyterian Session. That body agreed to the following: to sell us the property for \$1350 and to give possession the first of August, 1904; to give us an option on it for a reasonable time for the sum of \$5, said option to apply on the pur-

chase price. We drew up a contract and I paid the \$5 for the option.

The pastor of the Methodist Church learned of my being in Portland and of the reason for my coming. One Sunday morning he told his congregation that he had learned that a young minister was in the city for the purpose of organizing another church. He gave his opinion that the city was already overchurched and he urged his congregation to use their influence against the beginning of an additional church. Mrs. Henley, in whose home I was rooming, went to him at once and told him what she knew about me and asked him not to work against my purpose. That was the last time I ever heard of his saying anything against our new church. In fact, before I left the city we had become the best of friends.

I soon met the other United Brethren ministers of the county and preached in their churches, visited in the homes of their members, and took subscriptions for the Portland church. I had some very interesting experiences in canvassing for the church.

I had heard of a man named Bill Adams, in the Jay City church. People told me that he was a good man, a loyal and liberal member of the church, but that he enjoyed getting a joke on a minister. They advised me to be careful or he would play a joke on me. I called at his home about the middle of the afternoon of a June day. I introduced myself and took a chair which he offered me. Then he said, "I know what you want."

"Oh do you?" I asked.

"Yes, you want money and you are not going to get any."

"Well now, Brother Adams, you have never board-

ed me, have you? I am a terribly big eater and I will stay until I have boarded out what I think you should give."

"How much do you think I should give?"

"About twenty-five dollars."

"I will never give that much."

"Well, you wait until you have seen me eat a few meals and you will be glad to pay that much or more."

"If I pay you now, will you go some place else for your supper and to stay overnight?"

I assured him that I would. Then he laughed for the first time. I ate supper with the Adams', stayed all night and for breakfast. He then wrote me a check and I went on my way to find another victim.

This story, as he related it to me, shows Mr. Adams' idea of a joke on a minister. The land for the church was off a corner of his farm. A new minister came to the charge and preached the first Sunday morning at this church. Mrs. Adams invited him to their home for dinner but Mr. Adams went on home without meeting him. Practically all ministers, in those days, drove two horses because of the mud roads. The new minister drove his team into the barnyard and was unhitching them when Mr. Adams went out.

"What are you doing in my barnyard?" he asked.

Somewhat embarrassed, the minister said, "Is this where Mr. Adams lives?"

"Yes, my name is Adams and I live here, but what business have you, coming in here?"

The minister said, "Mrs. Adams invited me to come to your home for dinner."

"Across yonder is a good place to get dinner," said

Mr. Adams. "Ministers always come here and I'm getting tired of it."

The minister began to hitch up his tugs when Mrs. Adams came out and said, "What are you doing?"

"I think some mistake has been made," said the minister.

Taking in the situation at a glance, Mrs. Adams said, "Unhitch your horses and don't pay any attention to him."

When I had completed the solicitation of the United Brethren people in the various churches of the county I planned to canvass the business and professional people of the city. I had met many of them in various ways and places and I had inquired about them and had tried to decide how to go about soliciting them.

The firm of Cartwright and Headington was one of the largest firms in town. They conducted a general dry goods and clothing store and had done a good business for many years. I decided to solicit them first. I had noticed that Mr. Cartwright, the senior member of the firm, was usually in the office and I tried to approach him two or three times. He would always say, "I am busy this morning."

One morning I succeeded in getting his attention and presented the interests of the church as tactfully as I knew how. When I concluded he offered me a five-dollar bill.

"Mr. Cartwright," I said, "what do you want me to do with that?"

"I am giving it to you for your church."

"Oh no", I said, "I could not take it."

He became angry and said, "Well, if you don't

want it, you don't need to take it."

"Mr. Cartwright," I said, "I am very sorry. You have been in business here for many years. We have sixteen churches in Jay County; most of them are rural or village churches. Our people have been trading with you; they have paid you hundreds of dollars, for your firm is one of the largest in the city. I am going to solicit all the business and professional men in Portland, but you are the first one I have visited. If the others should ask how much Cartwright and Headington gave and I should say, "Five dollars", they would probably give me two cents. Oh no, Mr. Cartwright, I cannot take it as it would lose our cause a great amount of money."

I then took my departure. I thought afterwards that I probably made a mistake and that I should have taken the five dollars. I proceeded to see other business men.

One day I met Mr. Charles Headington on the street. He was a Presbyterian and a member of the Session of his church. He asked me whether I was raising money for my church and I told him that I was. He asked whether I had seen Mr. Cartwright of their firm and I replied that I had and told him the whole story of my visit. He took out his check book, wrote a check for twenty-five dollars and handed it to me saying, "This is not from the firm, it is from me, personally."

On the first Sunday of August, 1904, we held our first service and organized the church with fourteen members. Others joined soon. While the membership was small, the congregation was made up of good, representative people. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Williamson are the only charter members still living.

The annual conference convened the last week of August or the first week in September. I reported the new church to the conference. I had labored very diligently all summer to get the church organized and to raise money to pay for our church building. Mr. S. W. Haynes had said that he did not think we would be able to meet the contract price but we met it in full.

As previously stated, I had an understanding with my brother that I would not be expected to remain in Portland longer than the end of the conference year. He had planned to give me a good church in another city but, in our conversation, I learned that another minister in the conference wanted the church to which I was to be sent. My brother had planned to send this minister to Portland. I did not like that idea as the minister had been in the conference longer than I and he was a very good pastor. I suggested that he be sent to the larger church and that I remain in Portland.

The stationing committee assigned me to the Portland charge. This consisted of three churches, the Portland church and two rural churches. College Corner was a rather weak church located about two miles west of town and Center church was about two miles north of Portland.

We rented a house on West Main Street and moved the family from Dayton. We had just got settled when Mr. Robert Elder came to see us. He was trying to secure a homestead claim in North Dakota. He had built a shack but he could not get a deed to the land unless he lived on it for two years. He wanted to rent us their home in the north part of Portland at a very reasonable price. We moved in and enjoyed living there. There

was an eight-room house and an acre or more of ground. We had a garden plot, a truck patch, a small orchard and a barn with pasture behind it. We bought a Jersey cow so we had plenty of milk and butter for the family.

We spent two very pleasant years in Portland. At the end of the first year College Corner church was removed from the charge. The Ministerial Association took a religious survey of the city and it was found that the greatest number of people expressed a preference for the First Methodist Church, with the Walnut Street Christian Church second and the United Brethren, third. I was convinced then, more than ever, that our church had a future in Portland and in this I was not mistaken.

The church did not grow rapidly during the two years but it grew steadily. I think that I fell completely in love with the people of the two churches. The men of the Center Church were good natured and jolly and they would do almost anything I asked them to do.

We visited in the home of "Sol" Ankrom, one of the farmers. We looked over his fine, fattening hogs and I entered into an agreement with him that when he sold his hogs he should keep one more than they needed for meat and I would buy it. When the time came for butchering they notified us and Mrs. Roberts and I went to their home. I borrowed a one-horse wagon and we went out before daylight and got home after dark. We butchered, rendered lard, made sausage, ate dinner and supper with them and had a fine time. For two years we secured plenty of good meat in this way.

The men of the church worked long hours on their farms but they attended the services regularly. I had only one fault to find with them: in the summer after

they had worked hard during the week, they slept through my sermons. One morning when I was trying to "get up steam" with my sermon I saw that two of them were sound asleep. "Brother Schultz," I called abruptly, "do not snore so loudly, or you will wake up Brother Walters." They did not sleep any more that morning.

We probably should have stayed longer in Portland than we did. Young ministers sometimes grow restless and I think that was true of me. As far as I knew there was perfect harmony in the churches; no one was wanting a change of pastors, but I thought it might be better for us and for the Portland church if we moved. I had become acquainted with some former United Brethren people who had joined other churches. Some of them attended our services occasionally but I did not try to disturb them in their church relationships. Two or three good families attended our services rather regularly and divided their support between their own churches and ours, but they would not get their transfers. I realized that every new family means much to a young church and I decided that, since I had organized the church against the advice of some of them, perhaps a new minister could persuade them to unite with our church. I asked for a new assignment.

We were sent to Geneva, Indiana, a small town a few miles north of Portland. There was a very good brick church and rather large membership. During my pastorate in Geneva I became ill with typhoid fever and was confined to bed for ten weeks. Dr. Swartz, my physician and a member of my church, called two other doctors for consultation and they told Mrs. Roberts that they

did not expect me to recover. Indeed, it was reported in Portland that I had died, and the Portland paper had a long article, saying many good things about me and my work. The next day there was another article in the same paper, "taking it all back."

When I began to improve and was able to sit up for a few hours each day, I said to Mrs. Roberts, "I knew I was very sick but I am thankful that I was conscious all the time."

"Conscious all the time!" she exclaimed. Then she told me of the night when the doctor and Fred Lindsey, the Sunday School superintendent, held ice packs to my head all night. Of course, I did not remember anything about it. I then realized more than ever before that the time to give our hearts to the Lord is when we are in good health and have the right use of our minds, when we are not scorched by fever nor racked with pain.

One afternoon when I had strength enough to walk uptown I went to Dr. Swartz' office. "Doctor, I cannot pay you now, but I should just like to know how much I owe you," I said.

He looked at his records and showed me that he had made one hundred and thirteen calls. "I usually charge a dollar a call," he said, "but in your case, it will be half that much and I will cancel the thirteen dollars and make it exactly fifty dollars."

We had taken a Jersey cow with us from Portland. We did not have a good place to keep her and she made extra work. One of the members of the church, a farmer, had offered to buy her. I asked him whether he would rather have a good Jersey cow than fifty dollars. He decided he would rather have the cow, and so I paid the

doctor bill.

While the year at Geneva was a difficult one because of my prolonged and serious illness, yet I felt that some good had been accomplished. Those were the days of the "oil boom" in and around Geneva and money was plentiful. We tore away the shed kitchen and dining room of the parsonage and built on two full stories. We also added a porch along the front and the side of the house. Mr. Sam Teeple, president of the board of trustees and the postmaster of Geneva, stood by me loyally in the building program and in all the work of the church. He told us, near the close of the year, that he would see that we stayed another year if we wished but I told him that I did not care to stay longer.

We moved from Geneva to Marion, Indiana, where we remained for four years. We purchased property in Marion and so we had the privilege of living in our own home for the first time.

For the last few years Mrs. Roberts had been in very poor health. She kept growing steadily worse until she became practically an invalid. After we became settled in our new home we consulted one of the best physicians and surgeons in Marion and he decided that a major operation was imperative. In talking to the surgeon about the cost of the operation, he made the proposition that I put up one month's salary against his skill and knowledge. This seemed to me to be a fair proposition and so that was the agreement we made.

I did not have on hand the money to pay the hospital bills and the surgeons fee and so I went to one of our members, a retired farmer. He had come from Ger-

many when he was a young man and had been very successful financially. He was one of the directors of the First National Bank of Marion. He was a man of few words and a rather gruff manner but I believed that he had a kind heart. I named the amount I would need and the length of time I thought I would require to repay the loan. He made out a note drawn up for the amount of money and time I had suggested. When I read it over I saw that it would draw eight percent interest but I needed the money so badly that I said nothing, signed the note and he handed me the money.

On the day the note was due I again visited Mr. H. I paid him the principal of the note and asked him how much interest I owed him. "Nothing," he replied, and handed me the note.

Mr. H., like many business men, gave one the impression of being a "hard hearted business man". But he surely proved to be a kind friend. What a blessing Mr. H. was to us! And what a blessing hundreds of others have been who have done kind things for this minister and his family!

The operation was successful and Mrs. Roberts recovered slowly but steadily until her health was restored.

During this period of my ministry I put much emphasis upon evangelism and was quite successful in conducting revival meetings. We had good meetings in Marion with many conversions and additions to the church. Bishop William M. Weekly, who was always a good friend of mine, was bishop of the Western Area. He had been promoting evangelism in his area and had been writing to some of the more evangelistic pastors in

the east, asking them to go to Nebraska, Kansas, and other western states to hold revivals, just for their expenses. He asked me to go to the First United Brethren Church in Topeka, Kansas, to hold a two-weeks meeting. I responded to the call and we had a very good meeting. O. T. Deever had just graduated from Bonebrake Theological Seminary and was the pastor of the church, his first pastorate. Dr. Deever and I have been good friends from that time until the present.

The pastor of a church not far from Marion asked me to assist him in a ten-day meeting. In those days the community had the reputation of being a very rough one. The first night I preached some of the boys went out and in during the entire service. Just before dismissal I said that the next night would be my last unless they would stay in the room for the whole service. I think the boys wanted some place to go for they stayed through the service and the meetings continued.

Rev. H. T. Walker was pastor of the Montpelier Circuit. Pleasant Dale Church, in which Mrs. Roberts and I grew up, was part of that circuit. When the pastor asked whom the parishoners would like to suggest as an evangelist in the church, they suggested my name. I was not sure whether I should try to hold a meeting there but I finally decided to go. In many respects it was the most outstanding revival I have ever conducted. The men and women of the community had been in school with us when we were children. Some of them never attended any church but they began to attend the meeting. I suppose they wanted to see whether Charley Roberts could preach. The pastor and I did much visiting and praying in the homes of the people and the

Lord gave us a wonderful meeting. About one hundred people were at the altar and many joined the church. There occurred, in this meeting, some of the most remarkable answers to prayer I have ever witnessed. Mrs. Roberts' parents lived in the community and were active members of the church and we stayed in their home during the meeting. My father-in-law said, at the close of the two weeks, that it was the greatest meeting that had ever been held in Pleasant Dale Church.

Hartsville College had been closed and there was no United Brethren college in Indiana. I spent one summer while we lived in Marion in helping to establish a church college. My brother, J. T., had been a presiding elder for many years. He had been very diligent in his work. Bishops Matthews and Weekly both said that he was the best superintendent in the denomination. In addition to his work he had been trying to establish a college in the state.

A group of business men in Muncie had secured a plot of ground and had erected a good college building. They presented certain conditions to our church and, if we could comply with them, we would secure the deed to the ground and the building. It seemed, for a time, as if we would succeed in meeting the conditions but the state of Indiana came in and offered to accept the proposition. The men in Muncie believed that the state would be more able to make a success of the college than we and they turned it over to the state. It has since been known as Ball State Teachers College.

About this time Mr. William L. Elder of Indianapolis made a proposition to the church, through J. T., that if we would sell a certain number of lots he would

deed to the United Brethren Church twelve acres of land south of Indianapolis and he would erect a college building. Practically all the lots were sold. I sold lots as did some others, but I believe that J. T. sold more than all the rest of us together. The building which Mr. Elder erected is now the administration building of Indiana Central College.

Bishop E. B. Kephart worked several days for the college, making calls with J. T. He suffered a heart attack and died in the office of William L. Elder.

J. T. was elected the first president of Indiana Central College and served for three years. The night before the dedication of the college building I stayed in his home. He was living near the college in a large stone house, now known as Roberts Hall. I arose rather early and went over to the building and found him in his work clothes, sweeping the rooms. I said to him, "Taylor, I thought you were the president of the college, not the janitor."

He replied, "I am both president and janitor."

At the close of the three years he resigned and at the session of White River Conference, held at Richmond, Indiana, he was again elected district superintendent and was assigned to the Indianapolis District. Rev. M. F. Dawson and Rev. J. A. Hawkins were the superintendents of the other two districts of the conference.

It is my judgment that J. T. Roberts did more to establish Indiana Central College than any other man, and that the college would never have been established but for his efforts. His work was always of a self-sacri-

ficing nature; he never received much for his services and he spent what he did receive in the establishing of the college, dying a very poor man.

I look upon these years, from the time I graduated from the seminary to the end of our stay in Marion, as the most difficult years of my ministry. This was partly because of my long illness, the illness of Mrs. Roberts and other factors that I have not considered it necessary to mention. For some of these things I had only myself to blame. At the close of this period of my life I was thirty-eight years of age.

TOLLABLE WELL.

Spite o' tempests a-blowin'
Still had one story to tell,
Bright sunny weather or snowin',
Allus felt "tollable well".

Half of the settlement sighin'
Things gone to ruin pell-mell,
Never did hear him a-cryin',
Allus felt "tollable well".

Course he had sorrow an' sorrow,
Come to us all fer a spell,
But seein' a brighter tomorrow,
He allus felt "tollable well".

- - Frank Stanton.

CHAPTER VI.

Wisconsin Interlude.

The sessions of White River Conference, 1911, were held in the administration building of Indiana Central College, Bishop G. M. Matthews, presiding. I stayed in J. T.'s home and the bishop was also rooming there. The first time I met him at conference he asked me to come to his room upon adjournment of the first session. I had no idea what he wanted but I complied with his request. He told me that he was looking for a pastor for a home mission church in his area and that he had been thinking that I was the man for the church, if I would consider taking it. I asked him where it was and he said that the church was in Janesville, Wisconsin.

"Oh Bishop," I exclaimed, "I do not want to go to the North Pole!"

He told me that Janesville was not far north, being in one of the southern-most counties in Wisconsin. He described Janesville as a good, progressive city, the county seat of Rock County. The church had been organized only about five years and had had only one pastor. There was a good congregation, considering the length of time they had been organized. They had succeeded in erecting a very good building, with an eight-room parsonage under the same roof with the church. There was a rather large debt, and the bishop told me that he had thought of me because he had noticed that I had been quite successful in raising money.

I inquired why the pastor was leaving and the bishop explained that he would be elected conference superin-

tendent. Knowing the uncertainty of the outcomes of church elections, I suggested that perhaps he would not be elected and I asked what that would mean. To this the bishop replied that he was sure the pastor would be elected but that he wanted to leave Janesville in any case. The conference was planning to establish a church in Milwaukee and he would be willing to go there. I thanked the bishop for thinking of me and told him that Mrs. Roberts and I had decided to spend our ministry in the conference in which we had grown up. However, I agreed to think it over and to let him know our decision before the end of the week.

Finally, on Saturday afternoon, I reported to the bishop that if he was sure everything would be all right and if he thought I would be satisfactory to the conference and to the Janesville church, I would take the Janesville pastorate. It would be about two weeks until the Wisconsin conference would be meeting in Janesville. We were to pack our goods and have them ready to send. The election of the conference superintendent would take place on the first day of the conference session, the bishop would send me a telegram at once, and I would go to Janesville in time to attend two or three sessions before the report of the stationing committee on Sunday.

We packed the goods we wanted to take and sold a few things. One of Mrs. Roberts' sisters and her husband came with a wagon and took home several pieces of furniture which they could use in their farm home. Mrs. Roberts and our children went home with them to stay in her parents' home until I should send for them.

I arranged with a drayman to come and load the goods into a box car whenever I called him. Then I wait-

ed! I was alone, everything was packed, and time hung heavily on my hands. Finally, on Friday, the telegram arrived! I called Mrs Roberts and said, "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there you may be also." Then I took the train for Janesville, arriving there about nine oclock on Saturday night. I walked to the church because I wanted to see as much as possible of the city.

When I arrived at the church the evening service was over and everyone had left except the pastor and the janitor. The pastor knew of my coming and as soon as I told him my name he greeted me in a friendly manner and took me to the home where I was to lodge.

The lay delegate from Richland Center was staying in the same home and we roomed together. He was very curious about who I was and why I was there. He asked me whether I was a minister and I admitted that I had done some preaching. Then he asked me whether I wanted an appointment in Wisconsin Conference and I told him that I would consider one if there was an opening. He told me that they needed pastors in the conference and urged me to see the bishop that very night as the report of the stationing committee would be read on Sunday. I assured him that I thought it would be all right to wait until the next morning to see the bishop. I am afraid my roommate did not sleep very well that night.

The next morning after breakfast I took a walk. I found that the church was in a beautiful residential section of the city. I got back to the church just in time for the worship service and sat in the back of the sanctuary. Bishop Matthews saw me and smiled and I knew

that he was well pleased that I had arrived.

After the stationing committee's report and the dismissal of the service I heard people near me asking "Who is this man, Roberts?" The bishop came back and introduced me to the other ministers and I met members of the Janesville congregation.

Soon after dinner I went with the bishop to his room where he explained why he had been so late in sending the telegram. The former pastor had not been elected superintendent, after all, and he had insisted on staying as pastor of the Janesville church. After some discussion and a little argument, he finally decided to go to Milwaukee to organize the new church, as had been agreed upon previously. The former pastor was very cordial to me and helped me to get acquainted with the people of the local church and I appreciated his attitude very much. In a few days our household goods came and, some days later, the family arrived and we were ready for our new work.

Mrs. Roberts and I had both been brought up in a part of Indiana where many "Hoosier" expressions are used. There was at least one family in the Janesville congregation who had come from southern Indiana. Occasionally, as I was preaching, I saw them smile and then I knew that I had used a "Hoosier" expression. We noticed the use of several words and phrases to which we had not been accustomed in our former home.

Our salary, including a missionary appropriation, was a thousand dollars. They also paid most of our moving expense from Marion. This was the largest salary we had ever received, except for the six months we served the church at Columbus Grove, Ohio. We learned

to like the Janesville church and its people very much. All three of our children were active in the work of the church and they attracted other young people to it. Floyd and Florence were in high school while Ruth was in the elementary school.

It did not take us very long to find out that this church was, in many respects, the best church we had ever served. Most of the churches in the city were stronger than ours, numerically and financially, and most of them were located in the central part of the city. Ours was in a splendid section of town and was the only church in that community. Being a new congregation it was made up mostly of young married people, young people and children; there were few elderly members. Many of the families in the community belonged to downtown churches which they attended on Sunday mornings but many of them came to our services on Sunday evenings. Some people said to me, "This church surely has a promising future because it has so many young people and children."

Almost every member had a carton of envelopes and made his offering each week, so that the offering plates were always brought in full. The young people and children attended every service, including the mid-week prayer meeting; there were always more young people than adults in the prayer service. There was a young people's orchestra which practiced every Sunday afternoon at the church. Mrs. Roberts would then serve them a lunch and they would stay for Christian Endeavor and for the evening service, where they all sang in the choir.

Many who were young people and children while we were there have entered the ministry. Among that number are Edward C. Ward, pastor at Beloit, Wisconsin, and his wife, Maude Skinner Ward; Richard M. Hilton, pastor of Wallingford Church, Seattle, Washington, and his wife, Alma Perry Hilton; Vernon E. Hilton, pastor of Homestead Church, Rochester, Minnesota; and Elmer A. Schultz, pastor of First Church, Johnstown, Pennsylvania. These are all ministers in the Evangelical United Brethren Church. Floyd L. Roberts, our son, spent about eighteen years as a missionary in Japan, two years of which was under the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Brethren Church, and sixteen years under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He was later pastor of South Congregational Church, Pittsfield, Massachusetts, for almost nine years.

At the close of the second year of my pastorate in Janesville the conference was held at Ontario, Bishop H. H. Fout being the presiding bishop. Early in the conference he told me that the leadership in the conference did not seem adequate and he felt that, as he said, I must be the "Moses" to lead them. I told him that we were so happy in our work at Janesville that I could not consider it. No more was said and the superintendent was re-elected.

During the two years we had greatly reduced the indebtedness. We were to entertain the annual conference the next fall and so we decided to do some redecorating. I agreed to do the work of painting the walls of the parsonage, the church providing the paint. The church trustees were to be responsible for the decorat-

ing of the church. I finished all the rooms and then moved over to the basement of the church. The trustees had contracted with a man to decorate the church but he did not arrive by the time I had finished the basement so I continued to work until everything had been painted except the church auditorium. Then one of the men of the church assisted me with the scaffolding and I began painting the sanctuary.

When the decorating was all completed I went to see the man who had contracted to do the work and asked him when he intended to begin. He replied that he had been very busy but that he thought he could begin the next Monday morning. I then told him that it would not be necessary for him to come as I had just completed the job. When I began I had no experience in decorating and I had no idea of painting the entire church and parsonage but I just kept at it until it was finished. When conference time came we were all ready.

It was not a great task to entertain the conference because Wisconsin Conference was not large. The Evangelical Church had a strong conference in Wisconsin at that time and at time of the union of the Evangelical and United Brethren denominations in 1946, but Wisconsin Conference of the United Brethren Church was never a large nor a strong conference.

In planning the program of the conference sessions we arranged for some of the younger ministers to preach. The first evening the one who was to preach announced as his subject, "The Providence of God." To illustrate his subject he told a story. The year before he had planned to get a certain bus to go to annual conference but he was delayed and had to take a later bus. But, he

said, he was convinced that it was providential for there was a wreck and some Methodist ministers who were on the way to their conference were thrown into the ditch.

The Janesville congregation had arranged a reception for the ministers, delegates and visitors, at the close of the evening session. Dr. Williams, the pastor of the local Methodist church and president of the Ministerial Association, had been asked to bring greetings. Among his remarks were these words: "I believe in the Providence of God. Of course, sometimes the Providences of God are past finding out; I can hardly understand a Divine Providence that would take a United Brethren minister safely to conference and throw Methodist ministers into the ditch."

I do not remember that anyone had said anything to me about being conference superintendent but when the election was over, I had been elected to that office. I was asked to speak but I only expressed my appreciation and said that I would need to think it over and that I would report the next day whether I would accept. I fully expected to say that I would not accept the office. We were enjoying serving the Janesville church; I did not want to leave. Mrs. Roberts and the children wanted me to refuse and to stay at the church and the people of the congregation asked me to remain. However, several of the ministers expressed the hope that I would become their superintendent.

After the evening service Bishop Fout discussed the matter with us when the family were all present. He talked to us as a father would talk to his children. He asked us to become reconciled to the will of the conference and said that he felt that it was also the will of

God for us. He knew just how to appeal to me for he never spoke of the superintendency as being an honor but a responsibility. The next day I became superintendent of Wisconsin Conference.

I began my new work with a will and decided that I would do everything I could to assist in the work of our Church in the state. Janesville was the only town of commercial importance in which we had a church. I felt that the conference had, too long, been satisfied to "trot around under the same apple tree." I began to look for other cities where we might establish a church with success. My work often took me through Madison where I went over the city, trying to find a location for a new church. I discussed the matter with the Home Mission and Church Erection Society but I did not succeed in getting a church established in Madison. The minister who had gone to Milwaukee to begin a church soon left the conference. Reedsburg is the only town we succeeded in entering in the two years I was superintendent. I am told that, after some effort, the church in that town is doing well.

Knowing that the weather is very cold in Wisconsin, especially in the northern part of the state, I went to Sears Roebuck in Chicago and purchased some warm clothing: a fur-lined overcoat, a fur cap, and gloves lined with rabbit fur. I tried to plan so that I would not need to go to the northern part of the conference in the coldest weather but I soon discovered that needs frequently arose and it was necessary for me to go.

One night the pastor of the Bloomer church and I drove twelve miles in an open sleigh when it was forty degrees below zero. I preached and conducted a quarterly

meeting one cold night in northern Wisconsin and then went home with a farmer. It was about midnight when we arrived at his home. He opened the stove door and discovered that the fire had gone out. "Oh well," he said, "it is late so we will not build up a fire; we will just go to bed," and he led the way upstairs. I always took along my suit case, my coat and fur cap, in fact, everything I had with me. When he left the room I discovered that he had been rebuilding the house and that the siding on the west wall was torn away. There were sheets on the bed and not much cover. I removed my shoes, put on my overcoat and cap and crawled into bed but I did not sleep much that night. As soon as I heard the man building a fire in the morning, I went downstairs to get warm.

A lady once told me that a minister stayed all night in their home in northern Wisconsin. When he came downstairs the next morning she said to him, "Did you sleep warmly last night?"

"Sister," he replied, "I do not know how warm I was when I was asleep, but every time I woke up I was terribly cold."

I succeeded in getting clergy passes on all the railroads in Wisconsin except the Northwestern; they did not issue clergy fares to Protestant ministers. My passes were a great help to me. While my salary was larger than I had received as a pastor, I paid my own house rent and my traveling expenses.

About the end of May the weather was rather warm in southern Wisconsin and I thought it was time to wear my Panama hat. When I arrived in Turtle Lake it was snowing. Rev. J. A. Richardson met me at the

station and when he saw my hat he said, "I am ashamed of my superintendent; let's go down the alley." After that I was always careful about what I wore when I started for the "far north."

I took my work very seriously and did my best. A few years later my son said to me, "I am glad you are back in the pastorate. I thought, when you were a superintendent, that you acted as if the whole world rested on your shoulders."

I have learned that the people who love us most and whom we love most are our best and most sincere critics. I am convinced that we should have remained in the Janesville pastorate. I was too new in the conference to catch its spirit. I resolved, very soon after beginning my work, that I would give it up as soon as I could honorably do so.

In "pastures green"? Not always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

And "by still waters"? No; not always so;
Oft-times the heavy tempests blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storms beat loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I!"

So, where He leads me, I can safely go,
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.

—Author unknown.

CHAPTER VII.

Sojourn In Iowa.

The spring after I began my work as superintendent of Wisconsin Conference, our two older children graduated from Janesville High School. Since Wisconsin was in the cooperating territory of Leander Clark College, in Toledo, Iowa, they enrolled in that college, of which I was a trustee.

I was so thoroughly convinced, during my second year as superintendent, that I should not serve another year that I began to correspond with the superintendents of other conferences with a view to taking a pastorate in another state. Since our two older children were happy at Leander Clark College and we wanted to be near them, I wrote to the superintendent of Iowa Conference with the result that, at the session of the conference that fall, we were assigned to the church at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

While we were living in Cedar Rapids, Floyd and Florence completed their second year of college. Then war was declared with Germany and our son, along with other young men, began to consider military service. When he came home in the spring we discussed the matter and Floyd and I agreed that the navy was the best branch of the service for him. Our reasoning was that while there would be a great deal of danger in any branch, there might be more exposure in the army.

My own opinion was based upon my memories of my father's Civil War experiences. I had heard Mother tell how Father had been exposed to all kinds of weather as well as to shot and shell. His early death was the

result of exposure on the battlefield.

I had too much Quaker blood in my veins ever to become very much in favor of any war. I remember that, as a boy, I used to think how cruel people were in Civil War days and that they had learned better ways since then and would never again be so foolish as to go to war. I was slow to accept the fact that we were now to engage in another war. But the slogans, "A war to end war" and "A war to make the world safe for democracy" appealed to me as they did to millions of other Americans. I have never taken a pacifist position, and I came to believe that World War I was justifiable. Believing the atrocity stories that were spread, I said things from my pulpit that I later regretted. I did not know then that before my ministry was over I would live to see another war. I am glad, however, to bear witness that I never again spoke in favor of war from the pulpit.

Floyd enlisted in the navy and we went to Des Moines where he took his physical examination. We had several hours until his train left and so we had a long talk, such as a father and son might have under those circumstances. After we had prayed together, he took his train to Norfolk, Virginia, and I took a train for home.

The work of the Cedar Rapids church was rather difficult as they were heavily in debt on both the church and parsonage. Then too, they had bought a large rooming house next to the parsonage and their debt on it was almost as much as it was worth. In fact, it took almost all they could contribute to pay the interest on their debts so that they could hardly pay the minister a liv-

ing salary. The treasurer of the church gave us "due-bills" for groceries at a certain store. To add to the difficulties, the heating plant froze and bursted and we were compelled to hold our services in the public library for several weeks. The expense for repair was very heavy. The most worthwhile thing I accomplished that year was persuading the trustees to sell the rooming house, but it was not an easy year.

The next year we were assigned to Lisbon, Iowa, a small town a few miles east of Cedar Rapids. This church was proud of the fact that it was the oldest United Brethren church west of the Mississippi River. It had a good, brick building and a lovely parsonage. The church had a very good pipe organ, the organist was a fine musician, and there was a well-trained choir. How we did enjoy the music in the Lisbon church!

As the war continued many things, including coal, became scarce. The government asked all who could do so to cut wood for heating purposes. There was a large woods near Lisbon from which the timber had been cut, but the woods were full of tree tops which the owner offered to anyone who would cut them up for firewood. The men of the church went out and cut wood for heating the church. We would go out in the morning and cut all day. The wood was cut into pole lengths, which the farmers hauled into town and piled on the church lot where they were cut into furnace lengths with a buzz saw. This not only provided fuel for the church but a great deal of good fellowship and friendly rivalry in woodchopping.

During our Lisbon pastorate, Mrs. Roberts and I

celebrated our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, on December 28, 1919. We held "Open House" in the parsonage and our parishoners arranged a program and presented us many useful gifts, including a chest of silver.

After Floyd left for the service, Florence finished her third year at college and then taught school in Lisbon. Floyd returned in the fall of 1919 after serving as a bandsman on the transport ship, U. S. S. Huntington, going back and forth across the ocean twenty-six times. As Leander Clark College had been discontinued, he enrolled in Otterbein College that fall while Florence continued to teach in Lisbon. Ruth graduated from high school the next spring and, that fall, all three of our children were in Otterbein College. They had a small apartment in Westerville, Ohio, and had an enjoyable year together. The next spring the two older children graduated from Otterbein College.

After our children left Iowa, Mrs. Roberts and I decided that the time had come for us to return to our native state. We had been away for nine years. We have never regretted our years in Wisconsin and Iowa as we had many experiences that we shall always cherish and we learned something about the customs and habits of the people of these states.

Lord, speak to me that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone;
As thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thine erring children, lost and lone.
O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

— Frances Ridley Havergal

CHAPTER VIII.

Back Home Again In Indiana.

During our third year in Lisbon I corresponded with Dr. J. W. Lake, Superintendent of St. Joseph Conference in northern Indiana, and he promised me a church in that conference the next year. Mrs. Roberts and I began making plans to return to Indiana where we fully expected to spend our remaining years.

That fall, during the sessions of St. Joseph conference, I received a telegram from Dr. Lake, telling me that I had been appointed to Galveston Circuit. Since it was about three weeks before the meeting of Iowa conference, I secured a supply minister for the Lisbon church and went to Galveston for the following Sunday's services.

I found a pleasant village of seven or eight hundred population. The circuit consisted of a church in Galveston and a rural church, Otterbein, known locally as "Seven Foot Church." I preached in both churches that Sunday and at a meeting of the official board after the evening service we came to an agreement about salary, moving expenses and services expected. I was to preach at Galveston each Sunday morning and in Otterbein Church on alternate Sunday afternoons.

The following Sunday I preached my last sermon in Lisbon and the next week we moved back to Indiana.

I have always tried to be a good pastoral visitor. Calling on my parishoners has always been one of the most difficult tasks I have had to do, but I have learned from experience that it is well worth-while to do a great deal of calling in the parish and in the community.

I have found that it keeps me in close touch with my members and that it has a tendency to increase church attendance. Some pastors visit only the sick, but it has never been my policy to confine my visits to those who are ill. Since our children were all away from home and we had more time for visitation than in previous pastorates, Mrs. Roberts and I decided to make more calls than we had ever made before. We must have succeeded for a layman of our church said, "If there is a home within a radius of five miles that Rev. and Mrs. Roberts have not visited, I don't know where it is."

Again that fall I found a great deal of pleasure in cutting wood with two rural mail carriers who were members of our church. This resulted in warm friendship with the men and provided us enough good wood for all the five years we were in Galveston. I tried not to let it interfere with my pastoral work and my people did not seem to mind my taking time from the work of the church to get some recreation by way of the woodpile. In fact, some of them said that they were glad to see that they had an industrious pastor. Someone asked whether the preacher was a good worker; one of the other woodcutters replied, "Oh yes, he does very well except that sometimes, late in the afternoon when he is tired, he rides the cross-cut saw a little."

Florence taught two years in the Galveston school while we lived there and Ruth lived at home one year and taught English and music in the Clay Township High School, a few miles away.

Two events occurred in the Galveston church which served to endear the church and the people to us. Floyd was appointed by the Board of Foreign Missions of the

United Brethren Church to go as a missionary to Japan and his consecration service was held in the Galveston church. Mrs. Roberts and I had prayed that our only son might be called into the ministry and that, if called, he would hear and heed the call. We did not want to do the "calling" ourselves; we wanted it to be God's call. During his senior year in college, in an evangelistic meeting conducted by "Dad" Elliott, Floyd decided to enter the ministry. Then came the offer to go to Japan, which he accepted, leaving that summer for his new work. The other event was the marriage in the church of our daughter, Florence, to Carlton C. Yund.

When we went to Winona Lake to attend the annual conference in 1923, we started early in the morning and did not see the papers before we left home. Immediately upon our arrival some of the ministers asked us whether we had heard of the terrible earthquake in Japan. Of course, we had not heard of it and could not find out, during the sessions of the conference, whether the missionaries were safe. A few days after we returned home we received a letter from Dr. S. G. Ziegler, Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, telling us that they were all unharmed. It was almost three weeks before we heard from Floyd and those were anxious days!

We found that the people of our churches were friendly and cooperative. At the beginning of our third year I suggested that we have our worship service in Otterbein Church at nine o'clock in the morning. I was not sure that the congregation would like that hour because it might prove to be too early in the morning for farmers. However, they decided unanimously to try an early morning instead of an afternoon service. The at-

tendance increased under the new arrangement and they kept it for several years thereafter. I went out at nine o'clock and returned to Galveston in time for a ten-thirty service.

We had a pleasant and prosperous pastorate on the Galveston Circuit. We had good revivals with many conversions and additions to the churches. Our salary was not large but many of our people were farmers and they brought us vegetables and meat. There were times when we were tempted by offers of "better" and larger churches, but we had learned from experience that it is not always wise to leave a church even to serve a larger congregation or one that might seem more desirable or might pay a higher salary.

One such temptation came at the close of our fourth year. However, we decided to stay for one particular reason. Otterbein Church had been growing steadily during the four years until it had almost outgrown its small frame building. I had urged the building of a new church and some of the younger men and women were willing to help in its erection. However, there were some older and more conservative members who were in favor of repairing the old church. I thought that if I stayed another year we might succeed in getting the much needed church.

I went out to Otterbein Church soon after conference and found four or five of the older trustees at work on the building. I inquired what they were doing, and imagine my surprise and disappointment when they told me that they were repairing the church. They had not discussed the matter with the entire congregation

but had decided that if they did not get busy, I might succeed in having a new building constructed which would put their church into debt. I decided not to try to do anything more about the matter. We had always worked harmoniously together and we continued to do so. They did not add to the size of their small sanctuary but they did raise the building, put in a basement and a furnace, build a belfry, and paint the church.

At the end of our fifth year in Galveston I was fifty-two years of age and I had had a great variety of experiences, as all ministers have. I had learned that no two churches are alike; they have different opportunities and different problems. Some churches are conservative and some are aggressive. Some are perfectly willing to let the minister do most of the work and some are eager and willing to help. I had also learned that no two ministers are alike. The best way to know a minister's qualities is to follow him in a pastorate. Some wit has said, "Everything would be all right if we just did not have predecessors and successors." Some pastors have very good ministerial ethics and some do not; some lay a better foundation than others upon which the next pastor can build a "superstructure."

It is my own opinion that, all things being equal, the man who has had thorough theological training conducts the affairs of the church in such a way that his successor will have a pleasant time in his administration of the church. A good seminary course tends to keep a minister from "riding hobbies" or becoming a "faddist" on one of the various controversial theological doctrines which sometimes divide churches. How-

ever, theological training cannot take the place of good judgment.

Dr. J. P. Landis of Bonebrake Theological Seminary used to say to his classes, "Young men, if you will stay with us for three years and apply yourselves diligently to your studies, we believe that we can help you to become successful ministers. But if you lack good, common sense, the Lord pity you; we cannot do anything for you."

Another thing that I had learned in the first half-century of my life was that if I could not have my own way, it was best to take the other fellow's way and go along and enjoy a pastorate. His way might prove to be better than mine, after all.

I happened to be alone in the auditorium at Winona Lake, early one morning during the conference of 1928, when a man came into the building and asked, "Can you tell me where I can find C. J. Roberts?"

When I told him that I was C. J. Roberts, he introduced himself as C. Herbert Johnson, lay delegate from Elkhart Castle Church. Their pastor was leaving and someone had recommended me to Mr. Johnson as their next pastor. After some conversation, he asked me whether I would be willing to become pastor of their church. My reply was the same one I have always been accustomed to give in such a situation, "Our denomination has the itinerant system for its ministers and I always go where the stationing committee assigns me." I added, however, that I would be glad to take that pastorate if I was appointed. He then said that he would talk to the superintendent and the bishop.

The committee had decided to assign me to another church but Bishop Fout asked me which of the two churches I would rather serve. I stated that I did not care to make the decision and that I preferred to leave it entirely to the committee.

I was reminded of the story of a man who had planned to stay in a small town overnight. He asked a resident of the town which of the two hotels was the better, to which the man replied, "Just go to either one; in whichever one you decide to stay, in the morning you will wish you had stayed in the other."

Both churches mentioned were good churches with many opportunities and advantages and each had some problems which were sure to create difficulty for the pastor and the congregation. There are no perfect churches as there no perfect ministers.

While I was a college student, before I entered the ministry, I attended the sessions of White River Conference, held that year in Lincolnville. A rather large, bombastic man came into the church. He had come from Canada and was wearing a Prince Albert coat and a silk "plug" hat. He said to J. T., "Dr. Roberts, I would like to have a church in this conference. I want a large, strong church where there is no difficulty of any kind and where they pay a good salary."

J. T. replied, "Well sir, I am sorry to inform you that we have no such church in this conference and if we did have one, I would want it myself."

When the report was read on Sunday morning I was assigned to Castle Memorial Church, in Elkhart. It was one of the strongest churches in the conference, with an

honorable history, a beautiful new building and many substantial families. It had been served by some of the outstanding pastors in the conference. The salary was the highest I had ever received. For salary, wedding and funeral fees, gifts and parsonage rent, it easily amounted to \$3,000 for each of the three years we were there. This was very good remuneration for those days, 1927-1930. There was a membership of about seven hundred. A pastor thinks that he would be perfectly happy if he had a large congregation to whom to preach and with whom to work and if he received a large salary. This may or may not be true. There were many pleasant things about the years at Elkhart but they were not perfect years.

In the first place, there was a debt of \$23,000 on the beautiful new church. The interest alone on a debt of that size takes a great amount of money before any can be paid on the principal. However, we set about it diligently and in three years, we reduced the indebtedness to \$8,000, with some of that amount pledged in good subscriptions.

The debt was not, however, the greatest problem of the church. The thing that causes any pastor's hair to turn gray is a divided church and Castle Church was divided on the issue of the Ku Klux Klan. The previous pastor had been an ardent member of the Klan which was then at its height in Indiana. Occasionally the local Klan would visit the services of the church in a body. About a third of the membership of the church were enthusiastic members of the Klan; about a third were very much opposed to it, while the remaining third tried

to remain neutral for the sake of the church. I decided to be in the latter third, and in the three years of my pastorate I said nothing whatever from the pulpit on the subject. There may have been good things about the Klan but there were many objectionable features about it, too.

At the end of the third year I told Bishop Fout that while we had had many conversions and additions to the church, and while we had reduced the indebtedness, I would probably have to move at conference time, and that I felt that it would probably be better for everyone if we did move. He was very appreciative of our efforts and was quite understanding of the situation, knowing that we had faced many problems that had presented themselves for solution.

In the fall I was assigned to the church at Peru. It was not as strong as Castle Church, the congregation was not as large nor was the salary as much. The church and the parsonage were greatly in need of repair. I did something I have never done before nor since; I told the official board that I would accept the pastorate only if they would promote an improvement program which would cost about \$2500. They agreed that such improvements were much needed and began to plan such a program. At the close of the repair project the buildings were in very good condition.

We had four pleasant years in Peru. I was president of the Ministerial Association for two years and was granted my Doctor of Divinity degree while pastor of the Peru church. I was a member of the Kiwanis Service Club for two years in Elkhart and four years in Peru. I enjoyed the meetings of the Kiwanis Club and

the association with a cross section of the business and professional men of the two cities.

As we came near the end of the fourth year I became restless as ministers sometimes do. There was no particular reason except that things may not have been going forward as rapidly as I desired. About a month before conference I announced to the congregation that I planned to ask for assignment to another church. I also told them that they and we might be worse off if we changed than if we stayed, and this prediction may have come true.

That fall we moved to Decatur, Indiana. This church has had a good history and it was a good church when we were there. The congregations were always large and the people were faithful with their service and with their financial support --when they had money. We were at the worst of the depression period of the '30's and many of our members were out of work. Many had a struggle to "keep the wolf from the door." Some worked for the W. P. A. and some butchered meat and sold it from door to door. Others baked bread, cookies and doughnuts to sell. We made it a practice to buy from any of our members who called, whether or not we needed what they had to sell, simply to assist as many as we could. We remained in Decatur for two years.

It had been nine years since we had finished our five-year pastorate in Galveston. During the annual conference of 1934, Mrs. L. L. McDonald, the lay delegate from Galveston, told me that they were having a change in pastors and asked me to recommend a minister of the conference as their pastor.

Half jokingly and half in earnest, I said, "How

would I do?"

"Just fine," she said. "Will you come?"

"Well," I said, "we will see."

The result of this little conversation was that I was assigned to Galveston Circuit that fall. It was like going home; we were made welcome by everyone. We found that the town church was much weaker than when we had left, but we went to work and succeeded in building it up. Otterbein Church had gone forward and was much stronger than it had been during our previous pastorate. We enjoyed two very good years among our old and new friends and settled down, planning to stay a while in Galveston.

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

—John Wesley.

CHAPTER IX.

“This Hill Country.”

“So now give me this hill country.”-Joshua 11:12.

Late in the summer of our second year in Galveston the conference superintendent came to see us. He explained at length the situation in the Columbia City church and asked me whether I would be willing to become its pastor at conference time. I was sixty-three years old and I felt that a younger man was needed to face such a task as the Columbia City situation presented. I was not like Caleb; I was not asking for the “hill country” in my later years. Dr. Cain quoted Bishop Fout as saying that, judging from my past history in raising money for church debts in Janesville and Elkhart, I could help the Columbia City congregation to meet their debt, if anyone could. I replied that I had never tackled a debt-raising job like the one we were discussing and that I was not wanting to leave Galveston and had no desire for such a task as the one now being offered me. When we went to conference that fall we had no plans for the future except to stay where we were and I am sure the Galveston people did not anticipate a change in pastors.

When the report of the Boundary and Finance Committee was read I noticed that they were recommending an appropriation of \$400 toward the salary of the pastor at Columbia City. I reasoned that they had found a minister who had agreed to take the church if the conference would make an appropriation for his salary, beyond the amount the local church was able to pay. Noth-

ing more had been said to me about moving.

On Saturday afternoon I began to have the feeling that the committee might be planning to assign us to another church without saying anything to me about it; I had not the slightest idea where the move might be taking us. That evening I sought out the superintendent and asked him whether I was to be given a change in pastorates that fall and when he hesitated to tell me I insisted that I had a right to know. Then he told me that I was being assigned to Columbia City. Upon reminding him of our conversation, I was told that he felt that the additional appropriation for my salary might make me willing to go. He also told me that it was too late to change the appointment, as the report of the stationing committee was being printed. I assured him that, of course, as an itinerant minister I would accept the appointment and do my best, but that I had not asked for the "hill country."

When I returned to the cottage where we were staying, Mrs. Roberts asked me what I had learned. I hesitated to tell her and said that she had better go to sleep and worry about that in the morning. She, too, insisted that she had a right to know, and so I asked her to name what she considered the hardest job in the conference and she said, "Columbia City."

On Sunday morning we were assigned to the Columbia City church. In the afternoon we met several of the Columbia City people and they were all very friendly and cordial. Mr. and Mrs. Castle Bridge invited us to stay in their home when we went to our new church the next Sunday and we were glad to accept their invitation.

The situation at Columbia City was desperate. There was a debt of \$23,000 with almost \$1600 in delinquent interest, nothing having been done about the debt for several years. Most of the indebtedness was to the Citizen's Building and Loan Association of Frankfort, Indiana. They made a proposition to the church and the conference that they would cancel the \$1600 interest, deliver the guarantor papers, and refinance the loan if the church could raise and put into the bank the sum of \$5,800, within a reasonable length of time.

At the time of the erection of the church and the securing of the loan, the pastor had arranged a paper, known as a guarantors' agreement, which had been signed by about thirty people. This agreement provided that if the debt was not paid, or if the property was not worth the amount of the indebtedness, the signers were liable for the amount of the debt. Some of the guarantors had died in the meantime but their estates were now liable if the debt remained unpaid any longer. This fact had caused a great deal of contention among the membership of the church.

At the close of the Sunday evening service the official board made an agreement with us for salary and services. We did not get possession of the parsonage nor did we see the interior of it for two weeks after conference and this delayed our getting moved and seeing what could be done in regard to the debt.

When we finally had an opportunity to look over the parsonage we found it almost unfit to move into; it was very old and the doors and windows did not fit well, so that the house was very hard to heat, and the

floors were in very bad condition. We had almost always had good parsonages in which to live and we scarcely knew what to do in this situation.

"Shall we move in?" I asked Mrs. Roberts.

"Of course we will move in," was her very positive answer.

"Well," I said, "maybe our education along this line has been neglected."

We moved in and soon after getting settled we called a meeting of the trustees: Henry Phend, Castle Bridge, Lowell Heil, Stanley Smith and Ralph Pratt. We discussed the proposition of the company to which the church was in debt and I tried to get some reaction from the trustees. They agreed that it was a good proposition but would not express any opinion as to whether or not it could be met.

Finally, at about midnight, I said, "I am here to help do the work of the church. The membership is not large; I do not know who has money nor how much money the people have; neither do I know how willing they are to part with their money. I do know that there is no man who can succeed as pastor here unless this debt is taken care of. I am reporting to you now that if you do not think it can be done, and if you are not willing to go at it with a will, I will not "tent" here long. I will be moving on." We adjourned shortly after without a ray of hope, and I went home very much discouraged. I did not censure the trustees for I knew perfectly well that the entire church was so discouraged that they could see no hope for the future.

Bright and early the next morning the door-bell rang and there stood Stanley Smith! He said that he had not

been able to sleep but that, instead, he had spent most of the night thinking over what I had said. He told me that he knew perfectly well that neither I nor anyone else could succeed under the circumstances. He said that he was a retired rural mail carrier and that he had a few acres of land on the outskirts of town which did not keep him very busy as he had only a few chores to do. He had concluded that we could meet the proposition of the company and that we WOULD meet it. He stated that he had never had any experience in raising money but that he knew everyone in and around the city and that he was willing to go with me and to introduce me to folks. He was willing to keep at it until the last dollar of the \$5,800 was in the bank.

I told Stanley that he was just the man I was looking for and that I would be glad to have him go along and that we would complete the job. We then put in the rest of the morning, laying our plans.

We agreed that we would, first of all, see each person whose name was on the guarantors' paper, explain the situation and get his reaction; whether he was interested, whether he thought it could be done, and whether he could be counted on to assist. Some of the guarantors had moved away and it would be necessary to find them. We would also need to see the heirs of the deceased guarantors. It took us more than a month to find everyone. We drove hundreds of miles in my car (using my gas) to Warren, Huntington, Bremen and other places.

After we had finished interviewing all the guarantors or their heirs we drew up a subscription paper. I

asked Stanley whom he thought we should approach first and he suggested that we begin with William Coolman. He had been one of the trustees at the time the church was erected; he had been a guarantor and had also loaned the trustees a thousand dollars when they needed that much more than they could borrow elsewhere. Very little had been paid on this note and the matter had been a "bone of contention" between Mr. Coolman and the church.

We went to the Coolman home and I explained that we were now ready to take subscriptions. He remarked that we had surely not come to the right place as we should have rather large subscriptions with which to begin. We assured him that although we had made mistakes in the past and probably would make more in the future, we were sure that we were starting at the right place. After some conversation and upon his inquiry as to how much we thought he should give, I mentioned the sum of a thousand dollars. He replied that he would not give that much. Then he asked whether he might count the note on a subscription of a thousand dollars. I asked him whether he intended to give the trustees the amount of a thousand dollars when he loaned it to the trustees, to which he replied that he certainly expected to get it back. Then we agreed that he might count the note on his subscription.

Then Mr. Coolman said, "This is what I will do; I will subscribe one thousand dollars on condition that the note continue to bear six percent interest until such time as you have \$5,800 in the bank and then, counting the principal and the interest on the note, I will pay the balance of a thousand dollars. Then he put his name

on the "dotted line"- and we had started!

Of course, Mr. Coolman's subscription did not help a great deal on the raising of the \$5,800 but it removed a part of the debt which had been a cause of much ill feeling for many years. Brother Coolman was happy about it and so were we!

The first year at Columbia City was a busy one for me. I was trying to get things in shape for future work, as a more discouraged congregation I had never seen.

For a number of years the pastors of the church had kept their cars in a public garage across the street. I asked the trustees at our first meeting, why a garage had never been built on the parsonage lot. The reply was that they had always wanted to build one but that there was not room for it, as enough room had to be left for a truck to get in with coal for the church. The next morning I did some measuring. There was a cement wall between the parsonage lot and the adjoining lot and I wondered whether there might be room if this wall were used as a part of one side of the garage. I was staking it off when a coal truck went through the alley. I called to the driver and asked him whether he could drive in with coal if a garage were built where my stakes were set. He said, "Sure, we back into worse places than that." I explained my plan to the trustees and told them that I would contribute \$50 toward the price of a garage which I thought could be built for \$200. They all agreed that we should build a garage. I promised to stay long enough to get the value of my money and it proved to be a good investment.

After we had visited the membership of the church

we canvassed the business and professional men of the city and secured about a thousand dollars from them. The lumber company gave an amount which more than paid for the material for the garage. The coal companies contributed coal for the winter. As contributions continued and the church began to go forward, the people became more and more encouraged.

We soon proceeded to put on an improvement program, securing decorators for the sanctuary, while the men of the church decorated the Sunday School rooms upstairs and some of the basement rooms. We purchased two stoves, a circulating coal heater for the basement auditorium, to save heating the entire church, and an oil heater for the primary room, in which we laid a new wood floor. The improvements cost about \$1500, of which every dollar was paid.

Stanley Smith and I went out almost every morning at eight o'clock to solicit funds, except on days when I conducted funerals or took time off to prepare for the Sunday services. On some days we did very well while on others we secured nothing. I am so constituted that I am willing to work long and hard if things are going fairly well but when things do not go well, I am ready to quit. Sometimes I was ready to give up but, at about eight o'clock each morning, Stanley would come to the parsonage, ready for another day. "Where shall we go today?" was his usual greeting.

Stanley Smith and I became great friends. Someone has said that in order to be good friends, two people should be very different, and this was surely true of us. He was a man of few words while I am quite talkative.

While we were canvassing he said little, while I did almost all the talking. I go at whatever I do with a dash, but he was slow and steady. If he ever became discouraged, he did not show it.

When we had just about half enough to secure the cancellation of the \$1600 interest, I called at the bank to report to Castle Bridge, Treasurer of the Board of Trustees. He was very much interested but was greatly discouraged. He was one who did not think the money could be raised. When I told him that we had half the amount on good subscriptions, Castle reminded me that it is always harder to raise the second half, adding with a laugh, "I am not very encouraging, am I?"

After we had succeeded in building and paying for the garage, improving the church and paying for that, having the guarantors' papers delivered and the interest cancelled, we drew up new notes and the company reduced the interest rate from six to five percent. Then we decided to liquidate the rest of the debt by the following plan: we would have two "Cash Days" each year, one on the Sunday before Thanksgiving and the other on Easter Sunday. Subscriptions were to be taken at Thanksgiving time to be paid in two installments, then and at Easter time. They used the plan while I was their pastor and for some time afterward.

Mr. and Mrs. William Snyder, members of the church, lived on a farm a few miles south of the city. They had made a will, leaving all their property, after debts were paid, to Indiana Central College and the Board of Home Missions of St. Joseph Conference, these to share equally in their estate. Mr. and Mrs. Snyder

passed away only a few weeks apart at the beginning of our second year at Columbia City. Dr. J. W. Lake was named administrator of the estate but because he was living in Lafayette, Indiana, he felt that he was too far away to serve. The college and the Home Mission Board asked me to qualify and to serve as administrator. This task took a great deal of time; there were debts to be settled, such as doctors' bills and funeral expenses, and property to be sold. I planned for a public sale where we sold the personal effects and the farm. After all accounts were settled I was able to turn over to each of the beneficiaries about \$2000. The matter increased my work and responsibility but I learned many valuable lessons about business methods.

Mr. Snyder once told me that they were glad to leave their estate to some interest of the church as they had no children. However, he regretted that they had not planned to bequeath some to the local church. They had thought, when they made the will, that they would continue to make money on the farm. The depression had come, Mrs. Snyder's health had failed, and they had been unable, in the last few years, to give much to the church.

About once a year I brought up the parsonage situation. Each year, more of the trustees were in favor of building a new parsonage, but we did not take a vote on it because of the feeling that we should get the debt more nearly paid before attempting another major project. Each year we discussed the matter thoroughly and then dropped it for another year.

After settling the Snyder estate and turning the pro-

ceeds over to the college and the Home Mission Board I suggested to the Conference Cabinet, of which I was a member, that the Home Mission Board give a thousand dollars to the Columbia City congregation to apply on the cost of a new parsonage, and they voted to do so. As soon as the trustees of the church heard of this gift they voted unanimously to build a parsonage. We decided to keep the interest on the church debt paid, but not to pay more on the principal until the parsonage debt was paid in full.

We built a parsonage which cost about six thousand dollars and we paid for it. Then we began paying again on the church debt. I was pastor of the Columbia City church for nine years and at the end of that time, the debt was about \$11,000 with about \$2000 of that amount on good subscriptions. Stanley Smith drew up his will, in which he arranged to leave \$5,000 to be used on the liquidation of the debt. He died a few years later and the church received the bequest.

During our last year at Columbia City, Mrs. Roberts and I celebrated our fiftieth wedding anniversary. The date was December 28, 1944; I was seventy-two years old and Mrs. Roberts was sixty-nine. The people of the church and the city did everything they could to make it a happy occasion for us and they presented us many lovely gifts.

The following is what the local paper had to say about the occasion: "A congregational dinner followed by a program in the church auditorium were the concluding features of the Golden Wedding Anniversary celebration of Dr. and Mrs. C. J. Roberts of the United

Brethren Church, who received friends at the parsonage Thursday afternoon, December 28, between two and five o'clock, in observance of the anniversary of their marriage fifty years ago.

"The parsonage was beautiful with baskets of golden bloom, potted plants in various hues, and red rosebuds. The shower of gifts and cards formed a decorative note in the reception room. Lighted candles stood on either side of the low bowl of yellow flowers which centered the lace-covered table at which Mrs. Margaret Lampe of Van Wert, Ohio, a cousin of Mrs. Roberts, poured tea during the afternoon. The cakes, served with the tea, were baked by Mrs. Roberts.

"The lovely flowers which formed the decorative note in the home and at the church were sent by friends. Among the flowers was a basket of yellow rosebuds, sent by the parish of the Reverend Floyd L. Roberts, pastor of South Congregational Church at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. As a surprise, Floyd Roberts was presented a check for \$100 by his congregation at Pittsfield, with the request that Mrs. Roberts accompany her husband to Indiana to attend the wedding celebration of her parents-in-law. Mr. Roberts was also presented a check for fifty dollars, to be presented to his parents.

"A family dinner was served at noon, consisting of turkey and all the trimmings, covers being laid for Dr. and Mrs. Roberts, Rev. and Mrs. Floyd Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton C. Yund and son, Richard, of West Lafayette, Indiana, and Mrs. Margaret Lampe.

"At 6:45 o'clock, the Robertses and the members of their family were guests at a dinner, served by the wom-

en of the church in the church dining room. During the dinner Mrs. Oren E. Clark sang, "Love's Old Sweet Song", playing her own accompaniment, and Miss Melba Evans sang, "I Love You Truly", to accompaniment played by Miss Fern Herr. Other vocal numbers were, "When You and I Were Young, Maggie", sung by Mrs. Lawrence Wolf and Mrs. Walter Crampton, and "Silver Threads Among the Gold", sung by Mrs. Howard Watson, Mrs. Ralph Highley accompanying. Marilee and Willadene Heil sang, "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet". They were accompanied at the piano by their mother, Mrs. Lowell Heil.

"Stanley Smith, an active member of the congregation, presided over the program, presented in the church auditorium. Mrs. Samuel Galbreath, the church pianist, played a number of melodies and then began the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin", by Wagner, as the bride and groom of fifty years ago entered the sanctuary, Mrs. Roberts walking to the altar on the arm of her son, and Dr. Roberts, accompanied by his daughter. Dr. Roberts placed an attractive ring on the finger of his bride of fifty years during the ceremony, conducted by his son. This ceremony depicted the one performed for the couple fifty years ago by the late Reverend Carmichael, at the home of Mrs. Roberts' parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Wyandt, in Blackford County, at about the same hour in the evening. It was very cold on their wedding day, fifty years ago, according to Dr. Roberts.

"At the conclusion of the ceremony last night, Mrs. Galbreath played "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party".

"The local church paid tribute to Dr. Roberts by presenting a wrist watch to him, Lawrence Wolf speaking for the men and boys of the church. Mrs. Roberts was presented a pin by the women and girls of the church, the presentation being made by Mrs. Albert Romey, president of the Ladies Aid Society. Greetings were brought by Lowell Heil, member of the Board of Trustees, Rev. Harry Duck, a representative of the Columbia City Ministerial Association, Dr. Charles White, pastor of the Roanoke United Brethren Church, who represented the Huntington Group of churches, of which Dr. Roberts is serving as group leader; Floyd Roberts, in behalf of the family, and Robert Wolf, for the Sunday School.

"For the celebration Mrs. Roberts wore a corsage of yellow roses, tied with a yellow ribbon, on her gray print dress. Dr. Roberts wore a white carnation boutonniere."

Not all the members of our family were able to attend the anniversary celebration. Our younger daughter, Ruth M. Stockwell, and her son, Ross III, were living in New York City and her husband was with the army, overseas, and none of them could come. Floyd's three children, Donald Charles, Ruth Ann, and John Taylor, were also absent.

The weather was very bad; there was snow and ice and the roads were drifted. Several of our Blackford County relatives had planned to be present but some of them could not get their cars out of their lanes and none of them could get there. The day before the anniversary I met Floyd and May at the train at Waterloo, about thirty miles north of us, and it was a hard trip

through the ice and snow.

Also on the day before the Golden Wedding celebration the Ministerial Association held its regular meeting in the public library. I was then the president of the Association for the second time since moving to Columbia City. At this meeting the ministers surprised me by presenting an inscribed and framed plaque which read as follows:

THIS CERTIFICATE

expresses, in part, the high esteem the individual
members of the

COLUMBIA CITY MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

hold for their fellow-member

Rev. Charles Jefferson Roberts, D. D.

They cherish the memory of his Christian fidelity,
ministerial dignity, commanding leadership, help-
ful cooperation, generous hospitality
and personal friendship.

They extend to him their sincere congratulations as
he celebrates, with his good wife, their
Golden Wedding,

and pray for their continued health and
service and happiness.

Given this twenty-seventh day of December,
nineteen hundred and forty-four.

Columbia City, Indiana.

The certificate was signed by all the ministers of
the Association.

At the close of our ninth year in Columbia City we
were rather undecided what we should do. We knew that
we could stay there although there were some who felt

that there should be a change of pastors, and we agreed with them. It had been necessary for me to be constantly stressing money in order to free the church of debt and we felt that, for that reason, it would be better if we left.

My old friend, Stanley Smith, came to see me near the close of the conference year. He asked me to stay until I was ready to retire. I told him that it was our feeling that we should either retire that fall or ask for another assignment. Stanley said that if I would stay another year he would give a thousand dollars on the remaining debt, in addition to the amount he planned to bequeath to the church. He also suggested that we go out and raise the remainder of the indebtedness the next year. I assured him that I appreciated his offer but added that I still felt that Mrs. Roberts and I had been in that pastorate long enough. I told Stanley that the debt was still too much for us to raise in one more year and I thought that neither he nor I should work so hard at our ages. The "hill country" had been challenging and we had enjoyed our labors there but we were beginning to long for more "level country".

Stanley Smith was not a man to give up when he undertook anything and so he went to conference and talked to the superintendent, and asked them to return me to Columbia City for the tenth year. Dr. Cain assured him that I would not be moved unless I wanted to leave.

We thought of retiring and spending a winter or two in Florida or California. Of one thing we were sure, we should leave the "hill country" that fall, and we began

laying our plans to move.

NEVER OLD.

The treasures of life are not
Things that are bought and sold:
The friendly are never poor,
And the loving are never old.

A mansion may be a prison,
A palace is often cold;
But one who has friends is rich,
And the loving are never old.

Thrills of youth are purchased
With spending of body and gold;
But life's great joys belong to
The loving who are never old.

Like the resting of sheep
In the safety of the fold,
Is the quiet peace that blesses
The loving who are never old.

I seek to lay up no treasures
Of things that rust and mold;
But help me, Lord, to be one of
The loving who never grow old.

Author unknown.

CHAPTER X.

Closing Years as a Pastor.

During the last few years of our pastorate at Columbia City, Mrs. Roberts and I had been thinking of retiring from the active ministry. We thought that if we lived to be seventy years of age or until we had celebrated our fiftieth wedding anniversary, we would be ready to retire. We thought that if we had done our work well, it would be a joy to lay down our responsibility, move into a little home of our own and take life easy. However, the closer the time came the less sure we were of what we wanted to do.

I had hoped that we could spend a winter or two in Florida, perhaps after we retired. I wrote to the superintendent of Florida Conference to inquire whether there was a small church there which I could serve and thus pay part of our living expenses. He replied that there was a small church in the country to which he thought I could be appointed. We were debating whether to plan to go or not, conference time was drawing nearer and nearer and we were feeling the necessity of making a decision of some kind, when I received a letter from the Florida Conference Superintendent, saying that the pastor of Tampa First Church had resigned suddenly, and asking whether we would consider taking the pastorate of that church. I asked several questions about the situation and, in the meantime, the Tampa church voted to invite me to become their pastor. They asked for an answer by telegram as soon as

possible.

By that time our own conference was in session. We decided to go to Florida and I sent a telegram to that effect. I was very enthusiastic about the prospect and expected to have the "time of my life." Mrs. Roberts was not so sure. When she was asked to express her feelings in the matter she said something like this, "This is not my doing; it is Mr. Roberts' doing. I do not really want to go; I am just going with him. I have heard that the flies, mosquitoes and ants will eat us up." She often laughed about that statement afterward because she enjoyed Florida as much as I did.

We went to Lafayette and purchased a five-room cottage where we might store our household goods. We arranged for a public sale and sold more than half our furniture, keeping only what was needed to furnish our cottage. We used one room for storage and rented the house, furnished. We left Lafayette for Tampa at six o'clock on the morning of September 24, 1945 and arrived there on the afternoon of September 26. We had never been farther south than southern Indiana. We told the Tampa people that we had not come to change the south but to see whether we could fit into southern ways.

The Florida Conference met in the Tampa Church about a week after our arrival and we met the ministers and lay leaders of the conference. I continued to serve the church for the next conference year. The people were all very kind to us and I do not think we ever enjoyed a pastorate or worked harder than in the thirteen months we served Tampa First Church. I again did a great deal of visiting in the homes of the congregation

and I think that I succeeded in getting into every home. My visitation bore fruit, as it always does; we had a good evangelistic meeting and I believe that we had more conversions and additions to the church than there had been in any previous year in the history of the church. During the time I was their pastor the church was formulating plans for rebuilding and remodeling and was raising money for that purpose.

We had made friends with Rev and Mrs. H. A. Noerenberg, who lived in St. Petersburg. He was an Evangelical minister from Nebraska who had been compelled to retire from the active ministry because of health conditions. Because there was no Evangelical church in St. Petersburg and because of the close relationship and the proposed union of the two denominations, they occasionally attended the United Brethren Church in Tampa.

One day we received a letter from the Noerenbergs, inviting us to their home for dinner. When we replied we told them that we were thinking of leaving the Tampa pastorate at conference time and asked them to look about for a furnished apartment for us which we would look at when we came to visit them. We went over to St. Petersburg on the appointed day and as we were finishing our meal, Mrs Noerenberg said to her husband, "Tell Dr. and Mrs. Roberts what we have been discussing."

He then told us that they had an apartment upstairs and that they had been considering moving into it and renting the downstairs apartment, and they asked us whether we would be interested in renting it and living there. It was a lovely apartment and we rented

it for six months. The Noerenbergs were very fine people and we enjoyed living in their home.

That fall I wrote a letter to be read at the annual conference sessions of St. Joseph Conference. It was the first time I had been absent from the roll call of the conference in the twenty-six years I had been a member of it. I asked for a retired relationship, which was granted, and thus I became, officially, a "retired itinerant".

The Florida Conference is a small conference, although it is larger and stronger now than when we were there. Rev. Noerenberg and I began to hunt and visit all the Evangelical and United Brethren people we could find in St. Petersburg and we were surprised at the number of families we located. They were very fine people and we planned a get-together dinner at the park. The two denominations had not yet united but plans were under way for the union. We did not organize a church but we located many of the families who are now members of the Evangelical United Brethren Church of St. Petersburg.

About the last of April we returned to Lafayette and to our cottage at 108 S. 27th Street. For the rest of that year we did not serve a church. I put in my time, painting our home and another house we had purchased in West Lafayette.

At conference time I was asked to take the pastorate of Pymont Church, located fourteen miles from our home. The church wanted preaching services only on Sunday mornings. I agreed to take the church on condition that I might live in our home in Lafayette. The parsonage at Pymont was not modern and it remain-

ed vacant that winter.

In the spring I suggested to the trustees that they modernize their parsonage. I told them that we did not care to move into it but that a family would move there soon and that it should be modern for the next pastor. They proceeded to make the necessary improvements. At the next session of the conference I was again assigned to Pymont and we moved into the modernized parsonage ourselves. We had two very pleasant years with the Pymont people.

Near the close of our second year at Pymont we decided that, having spent fifty years in the active ministry, we would not take a church at conference time. The church planned a farewell party for us in the auditorium of the church, just before the opening of the conference sessions. Floyd and May, with their family; Florence and Carl, with their son, were present for the occasion. There was a program, refreshments in the basement, and they presented us a lovely floor lamp.

That year, when I went to conference, Bishop Dennis met me and asked, "You are going to take a church, aren't you?"

"No, Bishop," I replied, "We have spent fifty years in the ministry and we plan to retire and spend the winter in the Pacific Evangelical United Brethren Home in Burbank, California."

He told me that they were going to be very scarce of ministers and urged me to accept a pastorate and I consented to do so. We were assigned to the Grass Creek church, in Fulton County, about fifteen miles north of Logansport. We remained at Grass Creek for

two years. We repaired and remodeled the church at an expense of about five thousand dollars, all of which was paid, and we had several hundred dollars remaining in the building fund, with which further remodeling has been done since then.

It was during our pastorate at Grass Creek that we made a sad journey to Pittsfield, Massachusetts, to attend the funeral services of our son, Floyd, who was instantly killed in an auto-train accident.

During our last summer in Grass Creek we began to look for a property in West Lafayette, where we could be near our daughter. We purchased a home at 109 W. Columbia Street and moved into it on August 15, 1951. We retired from the active ministry of the Evangelical United Brethren Church on the last Sunday of August, 1951, after fifty-two years of service to the Church and the Kingdom of God.

My motto in preaching has always been, "Speak the truth in love," from Ephesians 4:15. The purpose of my life work has been, "For God and humanity."

Our Heavenly Father has been very good to us and has allowed us to live long lives. At the time of my retirement I was seventy-eight years old and Mrs. Roberts was seventy-five. We had lived together, at that time, for more than fifty-six years.

The letter which I wrote from Tampa, asking for retired relationship read, in part, as follows: I think mine has been an average ministry, and if I have achieved any degree of success, I want to give due credit to my faithful and efficient companion, who has been with me since we went to housekeeping in a college town until the present time. She took courses with me,

both in Taylor University and in Bonebrake Theological Seminary, but she did not complete either course as two of our children were born while we were in college and the other, while we were in the Seminary.

I am glad I heard God's call and entered the gospel ministry; we have had a good time; the people have been better to us than we have deserved; we have had our chance; we are content.

THE PARSON'S PRAYER.

I do not ask
That crowds may throng the temple,
That standing room be priced;
I only ask that as I voice the message,
They may see Christ!

I do not ask
For churchly pomp or pageant,
Or music such as wealth alone can buy;
I only ask that as I voice the message,
He may be nigh!

I do not ask
That men may sound my praises
Or headlines spread my name abroad;
I only pray that as I voice the message,
Hearts may find God!

I do not ask
For earthly place or laurel,
Or of this world's distinctions any part;
I only ask when I have voiced the message,
My Savior's heart!

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CHAPTER XI.

Retirement.

The last chapter of this account of my life is being written on August 6, 1954. Having been born on March 22, 1873, I am now eighty-one years of age. I did not say "eighty-one years old", for I have not been old for eighty-one years. Indeed, it does not seem to me that I am old now even though I know that Psalms 90:10 reads, "The days of our years are three score years and ten."

About ten years before I asked for retired relationship with my conference I began asking retired ministers whether they were enjoying their leisure. Some of them said that they were but about ninety percent of them said that they were not enjoying it at all. I noticed that those who were in denominations which had good pension plans were enjoying themselves most.

I asked one of the ministers of my own conference whether he was enjoying his retirement and his reply was, "Anything but that! I would not have retired except that my wife's health failed. If I had a church where I could preach every Sunday, I would go and preach if the church would pay only for the gas."

If I had any advice to give to young ministers, it would be to plan to do some type of work when they retire. It should be something that they like to do and something that is not too difficult.

The span of life has greatly lengthened in recent years because science has learned to prevent and to con-

trol diseases. If the public would drive more carefully and if the nations of the world would learn to live in peace with each other, the span of life would be further lengthened.

This lengthening of life has brought about some problems, how to care for the increasing number of elderly people and how to employ older people who are still able to do useful work. The Evangelical United Brethren Church does not have an age limit; however, some conferences set a limit. Some denominations retire their ministers at seventy. Many universities and industries have the policy of taking their older employees from executive positions and giving them employment which is not so exacting but which provides an adequate income. I am sure that everyone is happier if he has something to do and the opportunity to earn a living.

I have been officially "superannuated" for about three years. I am not retired because of my own health for, as far as I knew, I am in good health now, but on account of the health condition of Mrs. Roberts.

Did I say "retired"? We are retired and still not retired. The first year after my retirement I did not have a pastorate but I preached almost half the Sundays of the year. For some time I had been thinking that I would like to "back track" a little and visit some of the churches where I had been the pastor. I had that privilege after I retired. There was enjoyment in it and some sadness. We enjoyed seeing again some of the people with whom we had worked and seeing how much some of the churches had grown and prospered. There was sadness in finding that so many of the friends with whom we had labored had gone to their "long home".

Also it was sad to see that some of the churches were not as strong as they had been in other years.

On the first Sunday of September, 1952, I became the pastor of the Farmers' Institute Friends Church. I was very glad to accept the invitation to become their pastor as it seemed to me that it was providential that I should end my preaching days with them, as my mother had been a life-long member of the Society of Friends. The church is located about ten miles southwest of our home in West Lafayette. It has a membership of about seventy-five. I served as their pastor for fourteen months. We have had some very good churches during our ministry and have known some fine people who have been very kind to us, but we have never had a better people, nor parishoners who were kinder to us than those of the Farmers' Institute Friends Church. We attended Sunday School on Sunday mornings and I preached for them. Once a month there was a Family Night and a carry-in dinner, followed by a program. I visited in the homes of the community at least one day a week. The church paid a salary of a thousand dollars a year and this was a great help, as the pension we received was not large.

Before Christmas I answered an advertisement for a clerk in a hardware store, not far from our home. I enjoyed working there during the Christmas season. I found that times had changed in the hardware business as well as in all other phases of life. Whereas we used to sell nails, axes, saws, stove pipe and fence wire, we now sold "gadgets" and electrical appliances. Many of the articles in the store were new to me and I had to ask

their uses before I could begin selling them.

Mrs. Roberts and I lived together very happily in our new home for about a year and a half. She had been in failing health for some years but gradually grew worse and we were obliged to take her to the Burnett Convalescent Home in February, 1953, as we could no longer care for her at home. She remained in this Home for a period of twenty-three weeks. Then we took her by ambulance to the Otterbein Home where she entered the hospital. She went to her reward on the morning of September 4, 1953, and was buried on September 8, which would have been her seventy-eighth birthday. No minister ever had a better companion than I, nor one who was more helpful to him in his ministry.

I remained on at the Home after the passing of Mrs. Roberts and on June 1, 1954, I became the pastor of the Caesar's Creek Friends Church, near my home at the Otterbein Home, and I have been its pastor since that time. The congregation is a little larger than that of the Farmers' Institute Church. I am glad to have something to do and I am enjoying my work with these people.

I realize that my life work is almost over for I am past eighty-one years of age. I did not want to enter the ministry and would not have done so if I could have found a way out of it or if it had not been for my conviction that, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." Now I am glad that I did enter the ministry and if I had it to do over, I would do the same thing again. Mrs. Roberts and I have had a good life and we have had no regrets for spending our lives in the service of Christ

and His Church. If I had a thousand lives to live I would give them all to the gospel ministry.

I do not suppose we have accomplished as much as we intended to accomplish when we began, but we have the assurance that we have enriched our own lives. If there is a future life, and I believe that there is, we think that we have prepared ourselves for that life; if there is no life beyond, and if we knew that to be true, we would yet do about the same as we have done to make our own lives richer and to do as much good as possible while we are living.

So here I say, "Farewell," hoping to see our friends and many with whom we have been associated in this life, in that better and larger life beyond.

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all,
nor be afraid!"

From Rabbi Ben Ezra --- Browning.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PERSONALITY OF CHRIST - A sermon.

Scripture: Matthew 8:18-34.

Text: Matthew 8:27 - But the men marvelled, saying, What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him!

Christ had been busy in and about Capernaum, preaching, teaching, healing the sick and opening the eyes of the blind. Multitudes had been following Him and, having had a very busy day, He was in need of rest. When it was well toward evening He commanded His disciples to get into a boat and to go over to the east side of the Sea of Galilee. This was a small body of water about twelve miles long from north to south, and about six miles wide from east to west. There were mountains on the west and on the north, with a narrow funnel-shaped valley on the northwest.

As soon as the little ship was loosed from shore, Christ, being weary with the work of the day, retired with His head on a cushion and was soon asleep.

About this time the wind began to blow down the funnel-shaped valley and a storm arose. It must have been a violent storm, for some of the disciples were fishermen who were accustomed to fishing on this sea and to managing boats in such storms. But this storm was so great that they feared they would not be able to bring the ship to land and, as a last resort, they aroused Jesus and said to Him, "Lord, save us: we perish."

He said to them, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" Then He "arose and rebuked the winds and the sea and there was a great calm." And they marvelled, saying, "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?"

Let us ask the same question, "What manner of man is this?"

1. HE IS AN IDEAL MAN.

For fifty years I have known men. There have been hundreds of men, good men, loyal men, self-sacrificing men, men who had the interests of the Church and the Kingdom at heart. I cannot find words too complimentary for these men, many of whom have gone to their rewards. But it must be said that I have not found one who was an ideal man. Good as they were, every one had his faults. When I examine my own heart and life, I do not find an ideal man there. "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

Christ was ideal in His way of living. "He went about doing good." He himself said, on one occasion, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" and no one challenged His perfection of life.

Christ was ideal in His preaching and teaching. A careful study of the parables will show what a wonderful teacher He was. If we study His conversations we will see that He could not be turned aside from His main purpose. Study His conversation with the woman at Jacob's well in Samaria. She wanted to ask Him questions which had nothing to do with her own salvation but Christ kept to the subject at hand. He finally announced to this "foreigner" that He was the promis-

ed and long-awaited Messiah, something He had not told to any of His disciples.

Christ was ideal in His forgiveness. One day when Jesus was speaking about forgiveness, Peter asked, "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Till seven times?" This seven was a perfect number. Christ replied, "I say not unto thee, until seven times, but until seventy times seven." This is four hundred and ninety times! If a person forgave another that many times, he would have developed the forgiving habit. Christ not only preached forgiveness, He practiced it. On the cross He said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

2. CHRIST IS GOD-MAN.

Christ was theanthropic. This seems like a big word and a difficult one to understand. However it is really very simple in its meaning. In their roots, Theos is "God" and anthropos is "man;" hence we have the word, "God-man." Christ was perfectly man; he had all the experiences that are common to mankind. But he was also God. In the scripture about the storm and Christ's power over the forces of nature, we have proof that He was God as well as man.

His disciples appealed to him as a last resort. How often we go to Him only in our extremity to find Him ready and willing to hear and to help us. He says to us as He said to His disciples, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?"

Christ's God-man personality is also illustrated by the story of the healing of the men who were possessed by demons. Christ and His disciples landed on the east-

ern side of the Sea of Galilee when two men came out of the tombs. The scripture tells us that "they were possessed with devils." What this may have meant, we cannot be sure, but we do know that their condition manifested itself in that they rent their clothes, tore their hair and cut themselves with stones. Christ healed these poor men and they returned to their homes, healed in body and mind, to tell their families and friends what great things Jesus had done for them. Truly in His power over evil spirits, He was God-man.

A storm in the human heart is far more terrible than a storm in nature. Just as Jesus calmed the storm on the Sea of Galilee, He has calmed the storm in many a human heart. When He regenerates a human heart and life, He proves that He has power, greater than that of any prophet or martyr. It takes the God-man, Jesus Christ, to still the storms in men's hearts.

By His life Christ evidenced the qualities of His personality. When we wish to illustrate meekness, we say, "as meek as Moses." But Christ was "meek and lowly in heart." We say, "as patient as Job." But Christ "when He was reviled, reviled not again." We call Jeremiah the "weeping prophet". But Christ wept at the grave of His friend, Lazarus. He wept over the city of Jerusalem and said, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." We speak of the wisdom of Solomon, but of Christ it was said, "Never man spake like this man." We speak of John as the loving disciple. But Christ loved us enough to give him-

self for us. Christ evidenced in His life all the attributes of God. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." He was the God-man; perfectly God and perfectly man.

3. CHRIST IS THE WORLD'S REDEEMER.

Let us draw on our imagination a bit. Suppose a man from India comes to America. Suppose he has never seen a Bible; he knows nothing about the Christian religion. He takes a walk on Sunday morning and meets a man carrying a Bible to church. He asks, "What is that book you are carrying?"

"A Bible," is the reply.

"Tell me, what does it teach?" asks the visitor.

What answer would you give if you were asked such a question?

The man with the Bible says, "Of course, it teaches many things, but I would say that it gives a conception of God."

This answer is correct. The Bible does give us a conception of God. But that is only the doctrinal view of the Bible's teachings. The man is not satisfied. He knows about a God who has created the stars in the heavens, the flowers at his feet, the perfection of nature.

In answer to the same question, another man gives a literary view of the Bible. "It is a great and beautiful piece of literature."

A third gives an ethical view of the Bible saying, "The Bible teaches man's duty to man and his duty to God." Still the man from India is not satisfied.

Finally an American Christian gives the reply, "The Bible teaches salvation," and points the man to

the Savior. That is the answer that all men seek. "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." "Thou shalt call His name, Jesus, for He shall save my people from their sins."

At the Student Volunteer Convention at Rochester, New York, in 1904, I heard Dr. W. B. McDowell, later a bishop of the Methodist Church, say, "Gentlemen, I would not go across the street to give India a new theology or China a new code of ethics. But I would go to the ends of the earth to tell India, Japan and the islands of the sea that "There is a Fountain, filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins; and sinners plunged beneath that flood, lose all their guilty stains."

4. CHRIST IS OUR INTERCESSOR.

We all need an intercessor. I make mistakes of the head and mistakes of the heart, and I need an intercessor, don't you? In the early years of my ministry, I preached a great deal about the trials of Christ, His crucifixion and His resurrection but little about His ascension. In later years I came to realize the importance of His ascension and His intercession. "It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

During the Civil War, a soldier, encamped just outside Washington, received word that his wife was dangerously ill at home. He became so anxious about his wife and so eager to see her that he made his way to the White House, hoping to see President Lincoln and ask the privilege of going home for a visit.

A guard at the gates refused him admittance, say-

ing that the president was busy and he doubted whether, in the seriousness of the war situation, any soldier would be permitted to leave the ranks.

As the soldier was turning away with tearful eyes, he met a small boy. Noticing the man's sad face the boy asked, "What is your trouble, soldier?"

"Oh," said the man, "you are only a boy and you would not understand." However, he told the little fellow his story.

When he had finished his story, the lad took hold of his finger and led him back into the White House. Cupping his hands to his mouth he called, "Papa, Papa!" The president heard his son's voice and came to the door. After Tad had told his new friend's story, President Lincoln wrote out the furlough papers so that the soldier might go home. Tad Lincoln had become his intercessor.

We need an intercessor and Christ has become our intercessor.

"What manner of man is this?" He is an ideal man, perfectly man; He is the God-man, theanthropic; He is the world's Redeemer; He is our Intercessor.

Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize will be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux.

